The
SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SOMEBODY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Somebody's knocking at the door,
Somebody's step upon the floor,
Somebody's hat's upon the stand,
Somebody's taken by the hand.
Somebody's handed to a seat,
Somebody's sitting at his feet,
Somebody's smoothing back the curls,
Somebody's saying, "best of girls."

Time rolls on—and from the one,
With the year the love has gone.
Somebody's waiting now in vain,
Somebody's tapping the window-pane;
Looking listlessly into the snow,
Sighing for pleasures that swiftly go,
Turning sadly to work again,
Sighing over the "might have been."

Somebody comes there now no more,
Somebody knocks at some other door.
Only one more untrue for gold,
The world grows wicked as the world grows old.
Only one more on the list "mistaken,"
Only one more forgotten, forsaken.
Somebody thinking till she grows gray,
Somebody loving her life away. D.

IN THE ICEBERGS.

The above engraving tells its own story. The fate of a gallant ship thus surrounded by ice, is a most hazardous one. It may, by good chance or good Providence, aided by adroit seamanship, escape—but the probability of its being crushed and ground to pieces is very great indeed. Such is probably the fate of many a vessel, against whose name on the naval records are written the simple but ominous words, "Never heard of!"

HOW A FAIRY TALE ENDED.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

Josphine must have been half way to the city, when little Eric was startled from his quiet gaze out of the window, by hearing a mysterious noise in the big empty cupboard. It was then pushed open, and disclosed Jerry's round, merry face, issuing from the inside. Eric's eyes followed him as he emerged; half bewildered it seemed, but neither surprised nor glad.

"Doesn't it remind you of little Klaus?" questioned Jerome, coming up to the child and giving him an arousing touch on the shoulder. "Now, Poll, we're going to enjoy ourselves; you've had quite enough punishment. Haven't I left you all this time on purpose to repent, and arn't you quite sorry now?"

"I was just trying to think about it," began Eric, slowly.

"Yes, of course; and you've thought about it quite enough. Now come and think about something pleasanter; that means come and look what I've got in the cupboard."

"You had better go back, dear Jerry. I'm afraid you'd better."

"Had I? Oh well, I can't; and so that settles it. I'm locked in as safely as you are, so we may as well make the best of it. Look out! here's going to be a jolly picnic!"

And from the cupboard came forth, first a rather shabby little cap, being the first Jerry could seize upon, and then a large amount of bread and cheese, with a stray cake or two.

"I couldn't manage any more, Poll," said Jerome, delightedly exhibiting his treasures; "but it 'll do till we come home."

"Come home from where?" asked Eric, the sad little face brightening to its old brightness as he watched Jerome.

"You'll see, my small child. All you have to mind is to do as I do."

So Eric—watching Jerome—pocketed as much as his small pockets would hold of the provision; settled the old Scotch bonnet on his dishevelled curls, and then waited with wide, inquiring eyes.

"Now then, follow my leader."

And in a moment Jerome had the window up, and disclosed, a little way below it, a ladder fixed against the ivy-covered wall. His hands on the sill, with one spring he reached it, looking up eagerly.

"I'll guide your feet, Poll, turn on the window and trust to me."

"Thank you, Jerry, but I won't come," said the little fellow, politely mollifying his refusal, while the longing for freedom grew more and more intensely visible in his face. "I feel as if I knew it wouldn't be right, Jerry."

"Don't hinder me while you talk nonsense," laughed Jerome, confident of success. "You're afraid of another scolding, are you, baby?"

"No," said the child, resolutely; "but it's so mean—not for you, but for me, Jerry."

"This is meaner," began Jerome, growing angry. "You want me to risk it all myself, and you be clear of it."

The effect he wanted his speech to take was visible at once. The little face grew quite white for a moment, then Eric dropped himself from the window, and followed Jerome down the ladder. That first step was taken irrevocably, and at the bottom Eric seemed as keen for the fun that was to come as Jerome himself.

"Down by the river-side," whispered Jerry, "to the Little Wood; nobody will see us. But stop a moment, we'll have some sport."

Cautiously they walked round to the side-door; and, entering the back of the hall, Jerome took from one corner a gun that stood there. Eric's eyes danced with excitement, but he did not venture to speak until they were down by the river, making their way easily and fearlessly to the wood which bordered the river lower down. Then Eric, laying a little hand upon the gun, which he had never been permitted to touch before, asked if it was not Major Herman's?

"Yes," said Jerome, with conscious superiority, "he lent it to Don, you know, the other day. I'm glad we've got it to-day, for I know Joe says it ought to be sent back. So perhaps it will be, before we've another opportunity of sport. We will pretend to have a real day, Poll, and shoot and have lunch just as I saw Major Herman and Don, and all those gentlemen."

"Yes," answered Eric, "but I wish it was loaded, that you might fire it off once for me to hear."

"Ah! I dare say you do," laughed Jerry, evidently wishing the same himself, "but you see unfortunately I heard Joe make Don promise never to have it in the house loaded, and when Major Herman said of course he would not be so mad, Don said he wasn't quite an idiot; so there's no hope."

It was a long way down the river to the wood, but the boys did not seem to feel it so as they marched on talking merrily; Jerome carrying the gun in true sportsman fashion, and Eric, with the clumsy parcel of bread and cheese in his hand, keeping up bravely.

"We'll lunch first," said Jerome, grandly, as he propped the gun against a tree when they stopped in the wood," and we'll shoot afterwards."

They sat down beside the quiet river, while round them the lights and shadows of the October noon fell quick and bright, as above the tall trees met and broke the sunshine into tiny dancing specks.

Every crumb was eaten, and a journey made to the well up in the wood. Then the boys ran back eagerly for the grand amusement of the day.

"I'll be Major Herman first," said Jerome, shouldering the gun once more. "Now I go slowly along here looking for pheasants. Presently I see the corner of one round a bush down there; that must be you, you know; but only show an arm round, then try to get away while I shoot you. I'll be the birds next, and you shall shoot. Be off."

Off indeed, like the wind, ran the child, while Jerry whistled carelessly with as grown-up an air as he could assume, and marched on looking intently for game. "Ah, ha!" said he, presently, suppressing his voice for fear of frightening his spoil, "there you are, are you, my fine fellow? I want you for my dinner. One! two! three!" A loud report, echoing and vibrating through the vistas of trees, and Jerry thrown upon his back, the gun an arm's-length from him. In one moment he was up, and, with a nameless fear and terror on his face, he ran to the bush into which he had shot. This bush was close to the water's edge, and going round it with dilated eyes he saw, below the surface of the water, on the shallow pebble bottom, a little upraised face. Quick as thought Jerome's arms were round the child and he had laid him on the bank. Then, by the shudder that crept over the sun white face, he saw it was not as he had thought in that one horrible moment. He saw, too, that the blood was dropping from a rent in the little well-worn velvet sleeve, and instinctively he held his hand tight upon the shoulder where the stained white shirt hung in tatters. "Er-Er-Eric," gasped out poor Jerome, "my dear! my dear!" for it seemed that no other words would come.

With all the agony of pain upon his face the child gave a little wan smile into Jerome's eyes.

"Oh, my little brother! What shall I do?" What shall I do?"

With a new ineffable tenderness Jerome held the little figure, and bending over the wee white face seemed to devour it with his miserable, yearning eyes.

"Our Father—which art in Heaven."

The words came sobbing up from his heart, and as they did so Eric tried to fold his hands, but one he could not move, and the agony the effort cost him was reflected in Jerome's face above, though he tried to still his lips as the child raised his one hand and held it as if both were folded.

"Thy Kingdom—come." Poor Jerome did not even know in his misery how the prayer went. He only knew it was easier and better to say those words than any others, until they broke off in one passionate cry for help.

"You might as well have sauntered home a little, Joe, then I should have overtaken you," said Will, as he reached her in time to open the garden-door.

"I was rather in a hurry to-day, Will," she said, "or I should of course have loitered for you."

"Why in a peculiar hurry to-day?"

But without waiting to answer, Josie ran up the stairs and unlocked the door of the empty room, her whole face brightening as she pictured her greeting. "Now, dear—" The glad words died upon her lips, for the room was empty indeed; too empty in every way for a doubt to rest in her mind. She walked straight to the open window where the ladder told its own tale, and a sorrowful shadow fell upon the bright sweet face as she stood looking sadly out, with almost the same wondering disappointment in her eyes she had noticed in the childish eyes as they gazed from that very spot that morning. Here presently Will followed her, and in a low pained voice she told him of Eric's punishment and disappearance.

"Never mind, Josie dear," he said, making as usual the best of everything, "he always had the spice of mischief in him, and we cannot expect to take it out in a day; but the instinct of self-preservation is just as strong; he's all right, and I would not harass myself if I were you. I'll go and look him up." Will's easy indifferent way of putting it shamed away the fear poor Josie would have blushed to tell of, and she went down in a few minutes to prepare the tea. Sitting on the rug in the dining-room was little Freddy, alone with his picture-book.

She took him up upon her knee, kissed him, and talked to him of the pictures; but his thoughts would not settle to them.

"Joe," he pleaded, putting his mouth to her ear, "let Eric come out. I don't like anything without him."

"Wait till tea-time, dear," she said, trying to look indifferent, "when Will comes Eric shall. Why isn't Jerry with you?"

"Jerry's been away all day, Joe," said the child; "nobody knows where Jerry is."

A new light broke upon Josie, connecting the absence of the two boys.

"Never mind," she said, "they will both come with Will, I dare say."

The child's eyes wandering to the door saw it open quietly, and he sprang from his sister's lap; but it was only Major Herman in the hall, the servant said, and Freddy came back crestfallen.

"I will not come in, Miss Kennard," said Noel, wondering at her anxious face. "I am only come for my gun. Donald says it is in the back hall where he left it last night. I have just seen him in the city."

"He was going to send it last night, but I know where it is," said Josie, as he followed her to the spot. "He ought—he was going to send it."

Looking at her as she spoke—it was so sadly often that he caught himself watching her now—he saw a sudden flush mount to her face, then disappear as suddenly and leave it pale even to the lips.

"It is gone," she said, in a low tone.

"Gone, is it?" said Major Herman, carelessly, "that will save me the trouble of carrying it. Donald need not have troubled himself to send it, though."

"I don't think he sent it," said Josie, her fingers resting lightly on Freddy's hair and telling nothing of the fear in her heart. "Let us look somewhere else."

"Now, Castor," said Noel, "run and look if you can see my gun in Donald's room, but don't touch it."

As the child disappeared he turned to Josie, laying his gentle hand upon her arm.

"Tell me, Miss Josephine, what you are afraid of?"

She told him all she knew, and unconsciously grew more hopeful as she told him, though she could not help noticing how gravely and seriously he listened.

"When will Donald be home?" he asked, as she finished; and as she answered the color rose painfully.

"I cannot tell you exactly. I am not quite sure."

"He promised you the gun should not be left here loaded, did he not? Yes, I remember he did, Miss Josephine."

Still watching her he could read that these promises had not been always sacred, and the pity in his face grew into something tenderer still.

"It is nearly tea-time, isn't it?" he said, as Freddy came in to them. "May I come back to tea if I happen to meet with any of those wandering boys of yours? No gun, you say, Freddy? Well, never mind. I shall laugh if I find it at home after this search. Good-bye," and he held Josie's hand for a long moment in a firm, close clasp.

"But you're coming to tea," cried Freddy; "why do you say good-bye?"

He dropped it with a little laugh.

"It is not exactly a good-bye," he said, and then went; and Josie knew that when he came back there would be an end to any doubt.

The hours crawled on. Mr. Kennard came in to his tea, an hour after the time, astonished at never having been summoned.

"Freddy isn't very well, papa," said Josie, looking down upon the child in her lap; "but I will put him down, and we will have our tea together quietly."

"But where are all the others?"

"Ah! indeed. Echo answers where," she said, with a little forced laugh, as she drew up his chair and kissed him, yearning herself for sympathy. "All straying different ways as usual; but never mind, papa, we two will be together for once."

She talked through the meal lightly and easily, and when her father went back to his books she carried Freddy—crying now for Eric—to bed; soothed him to sleep, and then crept down again, fancying all hope was dead within her. It was too dreadful to stay in the house. Yet suppose her father called!

She opened the door and looked out into the darkness. Again and again she walked from the lighted room to the door, until at last, as she was about to open it, she heard footsteps on the gravel and shrunk back timidly in the dim hall. As she stood so, they came in to her.

Will caught her in his arms, as Noel passed softly into the drawing-room, bearing something in his arms wrapped in the great old plaid from which the brave little face had first peered up at him.

Josephine saw and understood it all, but her eyes never drooped till a little figure which had followed them in fell at her feet with arms clasped tightly round her knees.

"I killed him! Joe, Joe, do you hear? I shot him. Oh! kill me, kill me. Josie, don't you hear me? he's dead!" She bent down and unclasped Jerome's hands from her dress, looking into his face with a far-away unconscious look; but realizing the fact more from the awful change in the boyish face than she could have done from any words; then she crept into the drawing-room.

Noel stood beside the sofa on which lay the little figure in the plaid, but as she came up he drew back. There was a low stifled cry, and one word clearly and distinctly uttered in a voice they hardly recognized. "Dead."

Then, in the heavy, terrible silence, they softly moved away and left the little child-mother kneeling beside the white still face, which could never—until one happy day—brighten at her coming, as it had ever brightened until now.

* * * * *

It was a warm, bright, April afternoon; and on the stone steps outside the drawing-room window at The Maples, Major Herman sat and waited.

Miss Kennard was in the garden, the servant had said, and so he would wait for her there.

As she came up to him and he rose to meet her, his grave handsome head bent in the sunshine, she noticed—as she had noticed often lately—a worn look upon his thoughtful face; a yearning sadness in his eyes, which she could not comprehend.

She held out her little cool hand, but he scarcely touched it.

"I hope I am not disturbing you," he said.

She sat down in her own corner of the steps. "No, indeed you are not. I have just been settling papa's chair in the shade and finding his book. I am to go back in an hour and wheel him to the house."

"Or you will let me do it?" he replied, but without his old ease.

"Yes, I will let you do it. Freddy is sitting by him with the new pictures you brought him, and is to come up to me when he is tired. He is getting stronger daily. Don't you think he looks better, Major Herman?"

"Indeed I do, almost as he used to look. He never was very rosy, was he?—never like—"

She interrupted him softly. "Never very rosy—dear little fellow—but he is certainly getting stronger now; for these six months he has been a perfect shadow. How is Mrs. Herman?"

"Very well, for her, thank you. She is very anxious to see you at Hillfield, and wants me to bring your promise; but I am always ashamed to ask you when I get here and see how you are needed by every one."

"Oh, you need not be," she answered lightly. "I could come any day—any evening at least. Will is always home from school at five, and Don soon after."

"How pleasant that is!" said Noel, warmly.

"Indeed, indeed it is," she answered from her heart, "they are so much kinder and tenderer to me than—than they have any cause to be; so good to Freddy; so watchful over papa. I can almost—" but here she broke off, tightly pressing together her quivering lips; and Noel looked away, down to the river, flowing past them in the sunshine.

"You have no idea how they brighten us up when they come over to Hillfield," he said, "the house is quite different with Donald's pleasant face about it, and my mother forgets all her maladies talking to Will."

"You have made it so pleasant for them," began Josie, without turning.

"I wish I could make it pleasant for their

sister," went on Noel gently; "she comes so very seldom now."

"Perhaps the fault is the other way," she answered, simply, "perhaps it is too pleasant, and other things come harder afterwards."

One quick look he gave into her face, then he moved a little; watching the river still, and showing her nothing of his white face.

"What I should like would be for you to come to-night," he said, "as to-morrow I am going away for a little time to fetch Miss Denison. Agatha Denison, who some five years ago did me the honor to accept my hand, and is at last going to bestow hers. If Miss Kennard will be a friend to my wife as she has been a friend to me, my home will be the better and happier for it."

Poor Noel! He had so often wondered what this telling would be like; so often shrunk from it in cowardice; so often been upon the brink of saying it; so often rehearsed it in his mind. And now it had come quite differently and unexpectedly. And Josie? Child as she looked, she was a true woman in self-command. Once again she held out her hand, their faces still hidden from each other, and he seized it in an eager grasp.

"I will go while your mother is alone," she said, gently, "and if Miss Denison will have me for a friend I shall be very proud. I am very glad to hear of your happiness."

Sorrow she had felt, poor little child, deep, heartfelt sorrow for herself and others; anxiety, disappointment, and the heavy load of responsibility which almost crushed the tiny figure. But this was different from them all; a hot, proud pain, the shame of which was growing into agony.

Neither she nor Noel had spoken again when Freddy came up to them, and laid his little pale face wistfully upon her shoulder. She drew him into her arms.

"Joe," he whispered. "tell me a story and let me rest here; will Noel mind?"

Major Herman had refused to be called anything but Noel by the invalid child from the first, yet, as the little lips said it to-day, Josie winced.

"I should like to hear a story, too, Freddy, above all things," said Noel, bending back his head and looking at her for the first time; "only shall I go and see if Mr. Kennard likes his seat, Miss Josephine?"

Hardly quite conscious of what he was saying, except that he offered to go away, she nodded, and he went slowly down the garden, talked for a time beside Mr. Kennard's chair, then wheeled it carefully into the house, to the study.

Yet he could not go even then, he thought; he had not said good-bye to Josie. So, without arguing with himself whether it was wise or right to linger near her as he always lingered now; only feeling how impossible it was to prevent it; he sauntered into the drawing-room and sat down near the open window, involuntarily leaning forward as a low voice reached him from the steps outside.

"No, I did not say that, Freddy. I am only telling you the story as it—as it is, you know."

"In a book, Joe?"

"Don't ask any questions until it is over, please. Well, then the ugly little dark fairy went on with her twenty brothers, and still the fairy prince always showed her the way, as he had done out of the dungeon; and they went over hills and all kinds of places and nothing really hurt them, because the prince was able to make it all smooth; and he was kind to the twenty brothers, and they were kind to the poor little dark fairy. Well, at last they got among the cliffs and rocks; you know the sort of place by the sea; and then the good fairy prince turned and said they must all go on in their old boat—that one I told you of—and that he had another boat waiting for him with—something else in it. Then they—they shook hands, and all the twenty brothers said they were sorry; but the ugly little fairy didn't, because the prince would have laughed; and he went sailing away with a beautiful, beautiful princess, very tall and grand; and the other boat got tossed and knocked about, and—"

"Yes, Joe, don't stop."

"And the little ugly fairy didn't mind at first, because she thought it looked very still and beautiful down, a long way down, in the sea. Only the twenty brothers all tried to make her wise, and so—"

"Yes—and so?"

"And so the boat tossed about a long while, and at last—But, Freddy darling, you have never rested properly. Put your head here, my little one." Quietly stepping through the open window, Noel bent and took the child from Josie as their eyes met in a long searching gaze.

"Leave the end of the story, Miss Josephine," he said, very low, and with a tremble on his firm lips. "The end is more than I can bear to-day. Such a sorrowful day, this is!"

She followed him in, wondering vaguely what sorrow there could be for him; yet knowing there was some as she watched him take his leave and walk to the gate slowly and with bent head.

There was a letter from Agatha awaiting him. He read it carefully through, crushing it in his hand unconsciously, as he leaned his head against the window in his room.

"Agatha, Agatha!" he moaned. "Why did you not come at once? Why did you put the claim of others before my claim, and cause this misery?" And for the first time in all his manhood, he hid his face upon his strong right arm, and sobbed like a child among his rare and silent companions.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ A resolution was recently passed by the House of Representatives at Washington, granting the use of their Hall for a negro celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment. Although the resolution passed by a large majority, it was suddenly rescinded just before the adjournment, causing considerable talk. It is now stated that it was whispered around among the members, that the seats in the gallery usually occupied by the negroes were covered with vermin, and it would perhaps be best not to try the experiment down-stairs. Perhaps similar reasons were at the bottom of the recent refusal of the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, for a negro meeting. Lice, it is well-known, go in for perfect liberty and equality, and probably think a white man almost as good as a negro. But it is one of the curious coincidences of history, that lice, which hardened the heart of Pharoah, should also have hardened the hearts of the American Moseses.

☞ In various parts of the country, clubs are said to be forming to oppose the income tax, and to defeat candidates for Congress who favor its continuance.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

Suppose we give an illustration this week, of how we would proceed to the examination of great practical questions, according to the method of the Spheric or Spherical Philosophy.

Here is the question of Protection, and its opposite system, Free Trade—a subject just now being discussed with great earnestness and considerable though unnecessary vehemence.

Let us look a little at certain outlying facts, to begin with. We behold, in the first place, a large number of able men, in many cases holding the same party creed, arrayed against each other on this question of Protection. Mr. Greeley of the *Tribune* is not more earnest on one side, than Mr. Bryant of the *N. Y. Evening Post*, on the other. Radical is arrayed against Radical—and, in this State, Democrat against Democrat. Mr. Webster, upon this subject, not only disagreed with Mr. Calhoun, but disagreed with his own early manhood.

And this disagreement is not a consequence of hasty judgment on the part of either set of disputants. Most of them have been thinking over and arguing the question all their lives. And yet equally able men differ—honestly differ.

Now what would be a reasonable inference from this difference of opinion? Would it not seem probable, to say the least, that both parties were in some degree right;—and neither entirely and absolutely wrong?

Let us consider a little some of the arguments. Suppose we first hear Pennsylvania, in favor of Protection. What will he say? Perhaps something like this:—

"Look at this grand State of mine—with its mountains and valleys, full of iron and coal. Shall we go three thousand miles to England for iron, and to Nova Scotia for coal, when by giving me a little protection in the shape of a Tariff, I can produce these great necessaries of national life within our own borders? And so with the manufactures of wool and cotton; shall we send the raw material three thousand miles, for Europe to manufacture for us, and then bring the products in the shape of woollen and cotton cloths all the way back again?

"And what is a nation worth that has no manufactures? She can have no inventive genius. She can have none of the arts that ennoble Peace—and none which enable her to make successful war. When, in the great industrial competitions of Peace, you look to see the place allotted to her full of transparent porcelains, and beautiful stuffs of varied hue, and trophies of the skill of those who work in iron and silver and gold, you behold only bare walls and empty counters. And when War comes—all the materials of war, and all the ability to fashion them, are in the hands of your enemies. You have neither the metals nor the skill to manufacture muskets and cannon, to construct ironclads, or even to furnish the uniforms and blankets and tents for your troops.

"Again," says Pennsylvania, "this knowledge of machinery, which comes from Protection, benefits not manufactures alone. It gave the Planter the Cotton Gin—it gave the Farmer the Reaping and Thrashing-Machines—it gave all womankind the Sewing-Machine. A merely planting and agricultural people would never have invented these—or given the woodsman the best axe in the world, and improved the horse-rake and the plough.

"We could compete on equal terms with Europe, now that our manufactures are established, were it not for our higher labor. That it is higher, prices of food and all other things considered, is proven by the steady emigration to our shores. And those that we employ, while not producers of agricultural articles, are steady consumers of all the products of the farm, the garden, and the dairy. While the hundreds of thousands annually attracted to the country by our high rates of wages, not only bring millions of dollars with them, but make an extra demand for produce, and lands, and houses, which the farmer feels even to the farthest limit of the farthest West."

Pennsylvania could, of course, talk on forever upon this theme; but we will cut him short. It seems to us that to an impartial listener, his words are not devoid of weight. He may, to be sure, spread himself a little too much—assuming that Protection is an absolute necessity if we would have manufactures at all, and thus confounding perhaps the beneficial effects of Manufactures with the beneficial effects of Protection—but making allowances for all this, we see how he places the whole matter in a light that renders us at least unwilling to do anything rash, much less anything that would run the risk of prostrating the manufacturing industry of the country.

But South Carolina probably is growing a little fidgety during this Protective discourse—and evidently has something to say. Well, the Palmetto State has the floor; let us hear a disciple of Calhoun:—

"I," says South Carolina, "think it is the duty of the Federal Government to do justice and act fairly between State and State, and man and man. I do not think the Government has any right to take hundreds of dollars every year out of my pocket, to help the business of a manufacturer either in Pennsylvania or New England. I am a planter. I raise Cotton. It costs me now about four thousand dollars every year for clothing, tools, and other manufactured articles of various kinds. If we had Free Trade, I could buy those articles for at most three thousand. Protection takes out of my pocket that other thousand dollars every year, and puts one hundred of it in the United States Treasury, (of which I do not complain,) and the other nine hundred in the pockets of the Northern manufacturers. And thus you build up a thriving New England and Pennsylvania at our expense.

"Now," continues South Carolina, "where do you find any warrant in the Constitution to impoverish one section to build up another? Granting that you have the majority and the strength to do it, how does it give you the right? Manufactures may be a very excellent thing for a State, but I get all the cost, and you get all the advantage. I would rather have my nine hundred dollars every year. My story is shorter than Pennsylvania's—but I think the point I make can easily be understood, by those who wish to understand it."

So much for South Carolina. It seems to us that it is not greatly to be wondered at that he should be a little restless, looking at things, as most men do, from his own interested point of view.

And now for the West. Let us hear Iowa. We shall see that his case is something like South Carolina's—but not quite so strong perhaps. Iowa says:—

"I raise wheat and corn and oats. Of every thousand dollars I spend at the store, I also could save two hundred and fifty, if we had no Tariff—or, allowing Twenty-Five for the government, two hundred and twenty-five. This seems to me a large sum to give for the support of Domestic manufactures. Still, what Pennsylvania says is true, at least in part. She does buy more of my wheat and corn and oats than she otherwise would; but as for the demand for butter, eggs and vegetables, that benefits the country more immediately around the manufactories. One thing I am a little restless about is this—that right in the face of a heavy tariff, the prices of my produce have gone down; which, according to the ultra Protectionists, should not have been. Still, perhaps the prices are higher than they would be without the tariff."

"But," interrupts South Carolina, "the Tariff hurts me even where it benefits you—for, if I put all my land in cotton, and depend upon the West for my corn and meat, the manufacturers, by their own confession, have raised the price of those products. And thus they take something out of me in this direction also."

"Still," says Pennsylvania, "we are bringing the time to you Southerners, when you shall make all your own cotton into yarn, and perhaps into cloth, and thus make double and treble profits."

"But 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,'" replies South Carolina. "And your Protective tariff makes cheap manufacturing impossible. If everything could be protected, nothing would be protected. For the increased cost of the raw material and of labor, would simply balance the amounts of protection. Protection must necessarily be partial, in order to be protection at all. Now you have come so near protecting everything, except cotton and breadstuffs, and have thus so increased the prices of the raw material and labor, that you have blocked your own wheels. While your Northern States were British provinces (as Hildreth and Bancroft tell us) they sent their Pig and Bar Iron into England itself—until the English iron men had to suppress you by their unfair Colonial laws, which led to the Revolution. You are far stronger than you think—but you are like a boy who having always been used to swimming with bladders, is now afraid to put them off. For my part, I believe you will never be persuaded you can swim in the great seas of the world without bladders, until some cruel foe does you the best service ever done to your full-grown industry, by remorselessly staving them in.

"Pennsylvania has chanted the praises of Manufactures. But is there nothing to be said for Commerce, which it would seem he is willing to abolish. And yet all historians and statesmen utter its praises, as the enlightener of the nations and the civilizer of the world. It is Commerce that spreads Christianity, and hands the light and heat-giving torch of Science from hand to hand, until it makes the circuit of the globe. And Free Trade is the life of Commerce; while Protection is a shackle upon its limbs.

"Again—if Pennsylvania has a right to be protected in her manufacturing industry, why not the planting States in their Cotton-growing? Now Free Trade is our best protection. We may properly perhaps be asked to give the preference in making our purchases to our Northern brethren;—but what fairness is there in making me pay them four thousand dollars a year, for what the English would sell me for from two to three thousand? Are not the English also 'men and brethren'—is not 'my country the world, and my countrymen all mankind?' If I can give more work to the pauper labor of Europe, why am I not doing as much, if not more good, than by giving it to the well-paid labor of the North, which needs help less.

"Again:—if Protection be a good principle for Nations—why not for States, which have diverse interests, and are as large as European nations? Why should not the Southern States be allowed to have a different policy from the North, as the North thinks she ought to have a different policy from England? Or do you want a Union with us, as England wants the union with Ireland and India—simply to compel us to pay from one-fourth to one-half more for everything we use? In other words, to pay about a hundred of millions of dollars every year for the glorious privilege of buying of you instead of England? You insist upon Free Trade between the states, because it is for your interest—and denounce Free Trade between nations, because it is not for your interest. Your own selfish, special Interest therefore is really your rule, and neither Protection nor Free Trade. You thus advocate Free Trade when it puts money in your pocket, and Protection when it puts money in your pocket."

"What over-statement, and what sophistry," here interrupts Pennsylvania. "Remove the domestic competition, and depend entirely upon the foreign seller, and you would have to pay them as much as you now pay us. You cannot argue fairly therefore that under a system of Free Trade you would save millions of dollars. For Free Trade would break our manufacturers up, and the moment the American competition was withdrawn, foreign manufacturers would ask such prices as pleased them—and you could do nothing but pay. And if, as a result of their high prices, our manufactures began to spring again into existence, a year or two again of low prices would crush and scatter them. The English producers of iron have played that game before now—sacrificing a year's profits to demolish the American competition—as their own evidence before a committee of Parliament fully proves.

"Then, again, we Americans are an inventive people—and domestic manufactures once established, the domestic competition is continually stimulating native skill to produce at lower and lower prices. Thus certain articles made in this country, are now sold cheaper than we were formerly able to import them—and in various kinds of tools and locks, and in clocks and sewing machines, for instance, we can compete with England in her own home markets. As for Cotton, manufactures of the commoner kinds of cotton cloth are already springing up in the Cotton region—and your Southern States, if manufactures are properly protected, must ultimately become, not only the Cotton-growers, but the great Cotton manufactories of the world. For you have the Cotton on the spot, and the Coal in North Carolina and Virginia—and you have comparatively cheap wages, owing to the warmth of your climate, and the productiveness of your soil—and when the country once more becomes quiet and tranquil, Northern manufacturing skill and enterprise, trained under the Protective system, will flow down among you; and, aided by Northern capital, will, especially in all the commoner kinds of cotton manufacture, drive both England and New England out of the foreign markets. I prophesy that, before fifty years are past, even English skill and capital will begin to flow into the South. And then lands and houses will rise in value, and the evidences of prosperity will abound on every side. So that if you are paying some tax now to the North, you may look upon it as merely an investment of capital, which will be amply repaid in the future."

"But all this leaves me out of the question," says Iowa.

"By no means—the prosperous South will want the meat and breadstuffs of the West, instead of being herself a great raiser of meats and breadstuffs. And you, too, will have your share of the manufactures of the finer woods and of iron, for which you are particularly fitted. Instead of the East and South being only competitors, they thus will be, in a great degree, customers. And when the manufactures of the country are brought to that perfection, that the new processes, and the more nearly equalized cost of labor, shall enable America to contend with Western Europe in the markets of the world, then the time will have come for Free Trade—then we shall say hands off, and bad luck take the hindmost."

But our room fails us. We have given the strongest arguments that have occurred to us at the moment, on both sides. Now the Spherical method is, to consider all these arguments fairly—and, in coming to conclusions, to seek to estimate the positions and interests of all—and to combine, as far as possible, the best thoughts and true interests of all. Where this cannot be done, and there seem to be opposite interests which it is impossible to harmonize, to study moderation and discreetness in action, striving to attain the highest good of all parties and all sections.

The very fact of admitting that there is truth and force in an opponent's view, naturally leads to charity in temper and moderation in action. Our own belief is that there is a great central statement of the truth in this matter of Protection and Free Trade; and we incline at present to the thought that it is this. Freedom of trade, as Freedom in general, is, like Universal Peace, a glorious thing—and, were all nations what they should be, the best thing. But, as we have armies, and prisons, and police—which are the exponents of war—even for the sake of maintaining Peace, and in the interests of Peace,—so nations may be compelled to resort to Protection, even for the sake of ultimately attaining Free Trade.

But as Protection is of an artificial character—and a more or less unequal burden—its practical application requires the wisest and most cautious statesmanship. As an Army, being a necessary evil, should be kept as small as possible—so Protection, being a necessary evil, should be kept as low as is necessary to attain its end. Always remembering that a certain regular and steady system of Protection—adopted after a full and comprehensive discussion—and which, not being excessive, has in it the element of stability, really affords better protection to manufactures, than a tariff which is so high as to be always threatened with repeal, and under which capital can never look forward with any certainty more than one session of Congress ahead.

This is the judgment, we say, that we at present incline to. But as we pretend to no infallibility of judgment, we are perfectly willing that any of our readers should come to a different conclusion, one way or the other. But let those who incline to Freedom in Trade, also respect Freedom of Thought; and those who believe in Protecting domestic industry, also believe in Protecting the sacred right of Free Discussion.

TO SENSIBLE REFORMERS.

One great advantage of having a number of State governments, independent of each other in all their domestic affairs, is this:—that new plans and schemes can be tried in one, without altering or endangering the government of the whole Union.

Take for instance the matter of Divorce. Many able reasoners contend that the practical results of making Divorce easy will be very beneficial; other able reasoners contend that they will be exactly the reverse. Now our system of separate State governments allows of the experiment of easy Divorce being tried in one or more States, without altering the laws of the others. If the result is favorable, the change gradually can be extended to other States; if unfavorable, comparatively little harm is done.

If the advocates of the extension of the suffrage to Women were reasonable beings, they would urge, not the passage of a Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, to apply to the whole Union, but the trial of female suffrage in some one State. They would see that there was at least a *possibility* of their being wrong, and that great mischief might result from their so-called Reform—which seems to us a *Deform*—and would have sufficient modesty of judgment, when setting themselves up against the unvarying practice of the world for thousands of years, to be willing to test their theory with as little danger to the community, in case of failure, as possible. If the plan worked well in one State, there would be better reason to urge its adoption in others, or in all.

But there is too much haste now-a-days altogether, in adopting new rules of action. The shaping of public opinion seems to be given up in a great degree to sincere but shallow theorists, of both sexes, and to selfish and unprincipled demagogues. Between them, no notion is so crude or absurd as not to find its supporters—and all their proposed changes in the order of things must be made over the whole Union, and at once.

Why this excessive haste? The world probably will last a few hundred years

longer—and, if it will not, there is less occasion for change. Is there a kind of uneasy feeling that the people are now a little out of their senses, and that there is danger of their coming to their "sober second thought," unless the work of agitation is kept up to a red heat all the time? Must everything be demanded at once and in haste, for fear nothing would be granted if time were allowed for calm and serious reflection? It would almost seem that this was the unconscious feeling, if not the conscious purpose, of these agitators.

But the true policy of the country is rest—to give time for calm reflection. The war broke up the fountains of the great deep—let the deluge now subside. Action which is based upon excitement, passion, unrest, will almost certainly be unwise. Gen. Grant said, "Let us have Peace"—and we may add, a little quiet.

DOES IT FOLLOW OR NOT?—A contemporary puts the following question:—"If it be decided that Congress, under the Constitution, may make greenbacks a legal tender for private debts, contracted to be paid in gold, why then would not Congress have the same right, if considered expedient, to make greenbacks a legal tender for the nation's debts, also contracted to be paid in gold?"

Of course Congress has the *power* to repudiate its debts, in whole or in part—but we suppose the question raised is, Would it not be equally right?

THE PENN LETTER BOOK.—We have one of these Copying Books in use, and find we are able to take copies of our letters with great ease and rapidity. No press is needed. For sale by P. Garrett & Co. 702 Chestnut St., Philada. *See advertisement.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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PROVERBS, ECCLESIASTES, AND THE SONG OF SOLOMON. With Notes, critical, explanatory, and practical, designed for both pastors and people. By Rev. HENRY COWLES, D. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE BANISHED SON; and other stories of the heart. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "Linda or the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE MACDERMOTS OF BALLYCLORAN. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "He Knew he was Right," "Orley Farm," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

ANNUAL OF HUDSON AND MENET FOR 1870. Containing a full list of all Newspapers and Periodicals published in the United States and Canada, with statistical information for the use of advertisers; also a list of the leading Newspapers published in Foreign Countries. Published by Hudson & Menet, Advertising Agents, No. 41 Park Row, New York.

THE GALAXY. May. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York. This contains a continuation of Charles Reade's Story, besides other interesting articles.

☞ The ivory of the tooth—that part which lies under the enamel—is composed of an immense number of little pipes, which makes that part of the tooth porous. This accounts for the rapid decay of the teeth when the enamel is gone. The acid of the saliva, heat, and cold penetrate these numerous cells and cause a sudden destruction of the tooth. Filling the cavity solid with some metal is therefore the only cure.

☞ The climate of Egypt is feverous, and perspiration is necessary to health; hence the Egyptian, meeting you, asks, "How do you perspire?" "Have you eaten? Is your stomach in good order?" asks the Chinaman; a touching solicitude, which can only be appreciated by a nation of gourmands. The travelling Hollander asks you, "How do you go?" The thoughtful, active Swede demands, "Of what do you think?' The Dane, more placid, uses the German expression, "Live well?" But the greeting of the Pole is best of all: "Are you happy?"

☞ A method employed in Germany to keep rose-buds fresh into the winter consists in first covering the end of the recently cut stem with wax, and then placing each one in a closed paper cap or cone, so that the leaves do not touch the paper. The cap is then coated with glue, to exclude air, dust and moisture, and when dry, is stood up in a drawer in a cool place. When wanted for use, the rose is taken out of the cap and placed in water, after cutting off the end, when the rose will bloom in a few hours.

☞ In Nantucket there used to be a military company called the Nantucket Guards, the first article in the constitution of which was, "In case of war this company shall immediately disband."

☞ President Lopez, of Paraguay, is dead. He was surrounded, and refusing to surrender, was killed by a Brazilian lancer. The mother, sister and children of Lopez, together with Madame Lynch, have been captured. The commander of the Brazilian troops, who put the finishing stroke to the war, has received from the Emperor the title of Viscount Pelotas.

☞ "The man who raised a cabbage head has done more good than all the metaphysics in the world," said a stump orator at a meeting. "Then," replied a wag, "your mother ought to have the premium."

☞ A writer in the Graphic says that "a woman will always love the nearest man of suitable age, after a fashion, if she's never seen any more attractive specimens of masculine humanity." Parents should remember this—and see that the young people have a chance to see other young people.

☞ Caleb Whitford, of punning notoriety, once observing a young lady earnestly at work knotting fringe for a petticoat, asked her what she was doing. "Knotting, sir," replied she. "Pray, Mr. Whitford, can you knot?" "I cannot, madam," he answered.

☞ Snails crawl six feet in sixty minutes.

Washing Day in an Egyptian Harem.

Occasionally "the lady paramount," the first wife of the viceroy, who really has entire charge of the household, would assume the superintendence of the laundry. The stone hall in the basement of the Grand Pacha's Ibrahim's apartment was selected. On the floor a square piece of matting was laid down, and a calico covering as large as two ordinary quilts was placed over it. Kneeling down, some eight or more slaves, each armed with two rolling-pins, would vehemently pound the clothing that had been previously dampened with water.

"The lady paramount," on these occasions, was both shoeless and stockingless, but with her feet encased in a pair of wooden clogs, the inside of which was lined with red velvet, the ties of the same material; her hair hanging loosely about, the ends tucked under the handkerchief round her head, and the sleeves of her dirty cotton wrapper turned up to the shoulders, and there tied. Thus appeared, in her domestic circle, her highness, the first wife of Ismael Pacha, the richest prince in the universe, save his imperial majesty, the Emperor of all the Russias. In this room, and thus employed, she remained all day, merely leaving the field of her labor to partake of her meals, or indulge in a short *siesta*. None of the other princesses ever entered the laundry.—*Miss Scott.*

☞ As a probable consequence of the Piegan slaughter, they have an Indian war in Wyoming. Eleven Indians were killed recently; and the Indians cut a stringer on a bridge of the Union Pacific Railroad, near Antelope Station, and threw fourteen cars off the track. The train men, except a brakeman, ran with the locomotive to the next station, after which the Indians broke open some cars, but were driven off by the brakeman firing at them. The next passenger train was delayed six hours by the wreck.

☞ The Massachusetts Legislature has agreed to a resolution looking to a reading and writing qualification for voters. Good as far as it goes, but plenty of children seven and eight years of age can read and write—and yet that fact does not render them capable of voting wisely.

☞ The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the best French magazine, has a circulation of 23,000 copies.

☞ A Washington despatch says official information has been received that the British Government intends to place Capt. Eyre on trial before a regular naval court-martial, in which case it is believed that he will be sure to be found guilty of the charges made against him and severely punished.

☞ The fashionable hat of the season in Boston is known as the "Philadelphia hat."

☞ A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has been started in Washington. Is it not "cruelty to animals," to make donkeys serve as members of Congress?

☞ A Frenchman once hired a room in Paris on condition that the servant would wake him up every morning at daybreak, and tell him the day of the week, the state of the weather, and under what form of government he was living.

☞ From a statement prepared at the Bureau of Statistics for a Congressman who expects to talk finance in a few days, the aggregate amount of gold produced in the United States from 1848 to 1869, is shown to be $1,071,451,461.

☞ IMPROVING CREATION.—Carl Vogt mentions, in a scientific article in the New Free Press, an anecdote which Leopold Von Buch told at the Congress of friends of Natural Science in Erlangen. Over the entrance of the former Botanical Garden, in Munich, the following inscription was placed:—"What God the Lord has scattered all over the earth, the Elector Max has caused here to be planted in order according to system."

☞ The number of foreign immigrants who during 1869 arrived in the United States, amounted to 352,569, among whom the 80,000 Canadians are not counted.

☞ New York has an opium eater, aged 104, who is in excellent health, goes to church regularly, and "can drink laudanum without feeling any ill effects."

☞ Miss Schiff is the name of the lady who wrote the play called "The Countess; or, a Sister's Love." Miss Schiff—or rather mischief—must be the author of a great many plays.

☞ The Boston Journal says that quitting advertising in dull times is like tearing out a dam because the water is so low.

☞ A Nevada newspaper says some of the streams of that state have "brook trout over four feet long."

☞ People when they find fault with themselves are generally more anxious to be consoled than forgiven, and therefore when a man begins to confess his sins tew me and ness, "there ain't no hope for him," I tell him he ought to know awl about it, and I guess he is more than half rite.

☞ The British medical Journal countenances the somewhat startling hypothesis, that the use of the sewing machine tends to prevent sterility in women.

☞ A medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know whether it is not situated very near the jaw-bone.

☞ There is a lady in Atlanta, Georgia, who is the mother of five healthy, intelligent children, the eldest of which is about eight years old. A singular fact in connection with these children is, that not one of them has ever been known to cry. They have been victims to the pains and aches that child flesh is heir to, yet all the signs of pain they have ever manifested are low moans. They never cry. In other things they are as other children, and full of life and mirth.

☞ DEATH FROM BITES BY A MOUSE.—Two children were amusing themselves by torturing a mouse. They covered it with petroleum, and set fire to it. In its fright it fastened on the leg of one and bit the hand of the other. A doctor was sent for, but it is said that notwithstanding his attention, both the children died three days later.—*Brit. Med. Jour.*

☞ Bread is the staff of life, and liquor the stilts—the former sustaining a man, the latter elevating him for a fall.

☞ The duration of a flash of lightning can be measured and is "less than the millionth part of a second," according to the New York Express.

☞ A Wisconsin farmer sues for a divorce on the ground that his wife can't chop the amount of wood that she boasted about previous to marriage.

☞ The circulation of the London Times is only half what it was three years ago.

☞ Seventy-seven different kinds of rice are cultivated in India.

☞ OBEYING AN ORDER.—A young man recently went to the banks of the Danube for the purpose of drowning himself. He laid his hat on the ground, when a soldier on guard shouted, "Fall back there, or I'll shoot you." The young man picked up his hat and rapidly ran away. Death by shooting was not in his programme.

☞ King Charles II. possessed the reputation of being skilled in naval architecture. Being once at Chatham, to view a ship which had just been completed, he asked the famous Killigrew if he did not think he should make an excellent ship-wright. Killigrew replied that he always thought his Majesty would have done better at any other trade than his own.

☞ About the hardest thing a man can do is to court three girls at once, and be able to preserve a good average.

☞ A lady in Indiana, with hair ten feet long, receives ten dollars per week for merely sitting in a hair-dresser's shop as a show.

☞ Figaro says that a legal peculiarity of the West, is, that all the lawyers are judges—and none of the judges are lawyers.

☞ In Utah a man is of no great account unless he can afford to support at least a dozen wives. In this part of the country one is often sufficient to ruin a man.

☞ A Michigan woman has recovered, by law, all the money that her husband had spent in a liquor saloon for six years. The Prohibitory Liquor Law of that state does not regard liquor as "property," and the woman recovered the money on the ground that it had been paid to the liquor vender without consideration.

☞ Brazil is the greatest producer of coffee, furnishing the article known as the Rio coffee to the amount of 400,000,000 pounds yearly, or more than one-half of what is supplied by the whole world, viz.: 713,000,000 pounds.

☞ A sagacious philosopher has observed that if the earth really is hollow, we all live upon a mere crust.

☞ A paper in Canada, very solemnly asks, "What does shoo fly mean?"

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—14,000 bbls sold at $4,75@5,25 for extra $5,50@6,75 for Northwest extra family; $6,50@6 for Penna extra family; $5,87@6,75 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $6,50@7,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour; 450 bbls sold in lots at $4,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—30,000 bus Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $1,35@1,39 for fair to prime, and 3000 bus white at $1,47@1,50 ₩ bus. Rye; sales of Western and Penna at $1,02@1,05 ₩ bus. Corn; prices are 2 @3c ₩ bus lower. 65,000 bus yellow sold at $1,07@ 1,10 ₩ bus. Oats; 73,000 bus Penna, Western and Delaware sold at 62@65c ₩ bus. Barley; 1500 bus Canada sold at $1, and a lot of Penna at 70c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork, $27,50@28. Mess Beef at $21@22 ₩ bbl. Beef Hams, $21@23 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 17 @19c; Excelsior hams at 19c; sides at 14@16½c, and shoulders at 12½c. Green Meats—1100 tcs pickled hams at 15½@16½c, and shoulders in salt at 11½c. Lard—Sales of 700 bbls and tcs at 15½@16½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs, 17½c. Butter—Good roll at 25@28c; very choice do 30c. Cheese, 10@17c. Eggs, 24@25c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—500 bales middlings sold at 23@23½c for uplands and 24@24½c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans, closing at 23@24c ₩ ℔.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $27 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Green Apples are scarce, and sell at $5@6 for Western and New York. In Dried Peaches and Apples there is very little doing; sales of Apples at 8@9c, and Peaches at 9@9½c for quarters, 10½@ 11c for halves, and 17@18c for pared. Blackberries sell at 13c. Cranberries sell at $20@24 ₩ bbl.

FEATHERS—Prime Western at 78@80c ₩ ℔.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs. $1,50@1,65; Mixed do $1,40@1,45; Straw $1,40@1,45.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 15@25c, and Wisconsin at 15@22c ₩ ℔.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is more doing; 5000 tons of foundry sold at $23 for No. 1; and $21 ₩ ton for No. 2. Bar Iron quoted at $77,50@78 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig and Blooms are neglected.

SEEDS—Sales of 2400 bus Cloverseed at $9@9,00. 300 bus of Timothy sold at $7, an advance. Flaxseed at $2,25 ₩ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from 10@14½ cts ₩ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—5500 head were disposed of at from 8@9½c ₩ ℔. 2000 Hogs sold at from $13,75 to 14,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

Any person desiring work as agent, by addressing at once E. THOMPSON, Hoboken, N. J., will learn of something that will net them from $18 to $30 a week. mar26-3m

Interesting to Ladies.

"We have been using a *Grover & Baker* Sewing Machine for about ten years, and it does as good work now as when new. I feel free to recommend it to the public as the best sewing machine in use."—*R. E. Barnett, M. D., Greenfield, Ind.*

Coughs and Colds.—Those who are suffering from coughs, colds, hoarseness, sore throat, &c., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple remedy, which is in almost every case effectual. The Troches have been tested by time, and pronounced universally superior to all other articles for the same purpose.

The Rice Divorce Suit for fraud in age, is causing great excitement in Boston. It should warn young men not to marry in haste. Rice is but 22, his bride 37. He swears that she made him believe she was but his own age, by using Magnolia Balm upon her face, neck and hands. Poor youth. He probably found her elbows weren't quite so soft and pretty. Ought Hagan to be indicted? We know of many similar cases. This Balm gives a most wonderful pearly and natural complexion, to which we don't object. We like pretty women. To finish the picture, they should use Lyon's Kathairon upon the hair. With pearly skin, rosy cheeks, and soft, luxuriant tresses, they become irresistible. ap9 1m

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap2-3m

☞ **Crampton's Imperial** *LAUNDRY SOAP* is the best.

Manufactory 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutger's Place, and 28 and 32 Jefferson Street.

☞ Office, 34 Front Street, New York. ap9-6m

Oh, My! I'm Getting Gray, Hair Falling!

Well that's a misfortune, but how easily remedied. You have only to use "*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing*" to insure a luxuriant growth of hair in its natural color and youthful beauty. Gray hair is restored, dandruff cured, giving the hair that brilliancy so much admired by all; differs utterly from all others, as it is clear and richly perfumed; soils nothing. Price 75 cents a bottle; six $4; one dozen $8. If your druggist has not got it, send direct to Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 830 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. ap2-cow1f

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains no LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. ap16-3m

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or cherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb19-tf

"Children's Lives Saved for 50 Cents."

Thousands of children die annually of croup. Now, mothers, if you would spend 50 cents, and always have a bottle of *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment* in the house, you never need fear losing your little one when attacked with this complaint. It is now 22 years since I have put up my Liniment, and never heard of a child dying of croup when my Liniment was used; but hundreds of cures have been reported to me, and many state if it was $10 per bottle they would not be without it. Besides which, it is a certain cure for cuts, burns, headache, toothache, sore throat, swellings, mumps, colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, spasms, old sores and pains in the limbs, back, and chest. No one once tries it who is ever without it. It is warranted perfectly safe to take internally. Full directions with every bottle.

Sold by the druggists and storekeepers in the United States. Depot, 19 Park Place, New York. ap2 5t

Occupations Ailments.

Fresh, pure air is a vitalizing elixir. Whoever is debarred by circumstances from unrestricted access to this invisible, but powerful stimulant, needs a medicinal invigorant of some kind. The great object should be to choose the best. Popularity is a pretty good guarantee of merit in this scrutinizing and intelligent age, and tried by this criterion HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS stands first among the invigorating and regulating medicines of the present day. To the wants of persons engaged in indoor employments, especially in crowded factories where even with the best possible ventilation the atmosphere is always in some degree polluted, this salubrious vegetable tonic is peculiarly adapted. The nature of the ingredients is no mystery. It consists of an absolutely pure diffusive stimulant, tinctured—or rather surcharged—with the fluid extracts of sanatous roots and barks and herbs. The pharmacopœia has its tinctures, but what are they? The juice of only a single root or bark or plant is present in each. Not one of them combines the three properties of a tonic, an alterative, and an aperient. All these elements are blended in the Bitters; nor are these the sum of its medicinal recommendations. It is also a blood depurent and an antispasmodic.

The baleful effect which air that has been partially exhausted of its oxygen by frequent breathing produces on the vital organization, is notorious, and when to this devitalized atmosphere is superadded the mephitic vapor of hot air furnaces, it becomes deleterious and depressing in the extreme. To enable the system to bear up, even for a few hours each day against the debilitating influence of a vitiated atmosphere, a wholesome tonic and alterative is urgently required. This grand desideratum is supplied in Hostetter's Bitters, which as a strength-sustaining, health-protecting agent has no rival either among officinal or advertised medicines. ap2-5t

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. HOMERY S. LEAGUS & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of March, 1870, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. ROBERT ANDERSON to Miss SARAH STERRETT, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John F. Chaplain, D. D., Mr. JOSEPH GARDNER to Miss SALLIE MOORE, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, D. D., Mr. JAMES NEILL to Miss ANNIE NEILL, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JOSEPH BROWN to Miss ELIZABETH PARR.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. BENJAMIN S. HUDOLPH to Miss MARY E. LAKE, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Cummings, Mr. ARTHUR STEWART, Esq., to Miss EMMA L. RENZ, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, ROBERT MARTIN, aged 72 years.

On the 11th instant, GEORGE W. BENEDICT, in his 42d year.

On the 11th instant, EDWARD J. GLENN, in his 23d year.

On the 10th instant, SAMUEL EVANS, in his 59d year.

On the 10th instant, Miss ELIZA M. THOMPSON, in her 63th year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. SARAH J. REEVES, in her 41st year.

On the 9th instant, SAMUEL E. LAMEN, in his 43d year.

On the 9th instant, ELISABETH M. HARTON, in her 19th year.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH B. TAYLOR.

FITS! FITS! FITS

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Cure of Epilepsy or Falling Fits

BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1867.

To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, who cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 826 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PANOLA Co., MISS., Oct. 20, 1868.

SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My eldest son, Fred, was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1865, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenaday, of your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. F. SIMMONS.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS

By Hance's Epileptic Pills.

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.

To SETH S. HANCE—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal wagoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial. B. L. DE FREEIR.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, MISS., June 5, 1865.

SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Ligon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. P. LIGON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?

The Subjoined Will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 30.

SETH S. HANCE—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GUY. Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CABIN POINT, Surry County, Va.

DR. SETH S. HANCE:—I was in Baltimore in April, 1864, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours, respectfully, M. P. SLEDGE.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

DURANT'S NECK, Perquimans Co., N. C., Oct. 1st.

S. S. HANCE—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first-rate article; and since I have used them I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health. I am, very respectfully, yours, &c., JONATHAN J. JACONS.

P. S.—The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price; one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. feb19-1m

PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Out Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

A REGRET.

I blame not that your courage failed,
That prudence over love prevailed;
It seemed that we must walk together
Rough ways through wild and stormy weather,
And you must have smooth paths to tread,
And skies all cloudless overhead.

Wise was your choice, the world will say,
That sees you fresh and fair to-day
As in the spring-time of your years,
Those hazel eyes undimmed with tears,
That forehead all unlined with care,
Nor streaked with gray that chestnut hair.

Yet if you could have dared to lay
Unfaltering hands in mine, and say,
"I trust you still, nor count the cost!"
Something, I doubt not, you had lost,
Yet found, when all was told, remain
To you and me some larger gain.

Not loveless nor unsweet my days;
I toil, nor miss some meed of praise;
Had you been with me, they had known
The grace they lack, and thou hadst grown,
O weak but pure and tender heart!
To something nobler than thou art.

Ah! better had we both been laid
To rest forever, ere the shade
Of that cold worldliness had made
Divisions worse than death, and bade
Our souls be parted evermore,
Still strangers on the heavenly shore.

"Bonnie Annie Laurie."

Almost every one is familiar with the sweet song of "Annie Laurie," though it may not be generally known that the fair-faced maiden was not a creature of imagination but an actual verity of whose ancestry honorable mention is made in Scottish history.

Stephen Laurie was a flourishing Dumfries merchant before James VI. became King. Prior to 1611, he married Marion, daughter of Provost Corsu—getting with her a handsome marriage portion. His wealth enabled him to purchase of Sir Robert Gordon of Lochinvar, Bithbought, Shail Castle and Maxwelton whose "braes are bonnie." Stephen Laurie, then a man of many acres, took the designation of Maxwelton, leaving, at his death, his lands and titles to his eldest son, John.

The next head of the house was Robert, a baronet. He was twice married, and had, by his second wife, three sons and four daughters. The birth of one of the latter is thus entered in the family register by her father: "At the pleasure of Almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born upon the 16th day of December, 1682 years, about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. Geo. Hauter," (minister of Glencairn.)

This minute is worth quoting, as the little stranger, whose entry into life it announces, grew to be the most beautiful Dumfriessian lady of the day, and the heroine of a song which has rendered her charms immortal:

"Her brow is like the snow drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die."

The well-known lyric, of which these lines form a part, was composed by Mr. Douglas Finland, an ardent admirer of "bonnie Annie," who did not, however, return his affection, but married his rival, Alexander Fergueson.

☞ How many times in the course of a life time does the reader ask the following question or make the following reply:—"Has any*body* been here for me?" "Not a *soul*." What answer could be more irrelevant? and yet every one accepts it as being entirely correct and satisfactory.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

LITTLE WORDS.

How wise he is! He can talk in Greek!
There isn't a language he cannot speak.
The very measure the Psalmist sung
He carries at will on the tip of his tongue.
When he argues in English, why every word
Is almost the biggest that ever you heard!
That is, when he talks with papa it's so—
With me it's another affair you must know.

Little one-syllable words you see,
Are all he is willing to waste upon me:
So he calls me his rose, his bird, and his pet,
And says it quite often lest I should forget;
While his stock of verbs grow so wondrously small,
You'd think he had ne'er opened Webster at all;
It's only "Ah! do you!" or "Will you, my dove?"
Or else its "I love," "I love," and "I love."

And when we walk out in the starry night,
Though he knows the Zodiac's rounded height,
With its Gemini, Scorpio, Leo, and all,
Its satellites, planets, and nebulæ small:
And though in a flash he could fasten his eye on
The Dipper, and Crown, and the Belt of Orion,
Not once does he mention the wonders above,
But just whispers softly "My own," and "I love!"

Whenever they tease me—the girls and boys—
With "Mrs. Professor" or "classical joys,"
Or ask if his passion he deigns to speak
In Hebrew, or Sanscrit, or simple Greek,
I try to summon a look of steel,
And hide the joy that I really feel;
For they'd laugh still more if they knew the truth,
How meek a professor can be, forsooth!

Though well I know in the times to come
Great thoughts shall preside in our happy home,
And to hold forever his loving looks
I must droop my curls over musty books,
And be as learned as ever I can,
To do full justice to such a man—
Yet the future is bright, for like song of birds,
My soul is filled with his little words.

Shelley's Married Life.

FROM AN ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

It has been written (by George Sand, we think, in *Jacques*) that "in this world one only loves one's like;" and, upon the whole, we are inclined to believe this is true, especially when applied to mental qualifications. Shelley did not, we think, entertain much of an affection for his first wife; but he undoubtedly loved his second, for in Mary Godwin he found "his like." Shelley evidently married too young; and the consequences were that his first union proved an unhappy one. His marriage with Harriet Westbrook was a mistake throughout; and although he does not appear to have treated her unkindly or neglected her during the time she was living with him, still it is plain to see that she was unfit to be the wife of such a divinely-gifted man, and that he only barely tolerated her. His marriage with her was, we repeat, a mistake; and we do not think it is likely he would have entered into the alliance if he had been in a less unsettled state. It will be recollected that he had just been expelled from Oxford. The history of his short engagement is as follows:—(We quote from the *Memorials*.) "Discarded by his father, Shelley was now left in considerable pecuniary embarrassment. He took lodgings in Poland street, but was often without the means of meeting the current expenses of the day. His sisters, who were aware of this, saved their pocket-money, and from time to time, sent secretly to their brother the fruits of their loving economy.

"This was the origin of a new phase in Shelley's existence. The Miss Shelleys were at that period at school at Brompton, and among the pupils was a very handsome girl named Harriet Westbrook. To her (as her parents resided in London) was consigned the task of conveying the little sums of money to Shelley, on whose susceptible fancy she dawned as a celestial being, illuminating the dingy lodgings he inhabited. During the young lady's holiday, Shelley was a constant and welcome visitor at the house of her father; and on Harriet's recovery from a slight indisposition, the young poet was chosen to escort her back to school.

"To the wild eloquence of the enthusiast who claimed it as his mission to regenerate the world, and to give it freedom from its shackles, which had been too long endured, and which barred its progress to indefinite perfectibility, Harriet had, in their many interviews in London, lent a well-pleased ear; and when the day came for her return to the Brompton seminary, these new lights seemed to her to have a practical bearing on the forms and discipline of her boarding-school. She therefore petitioned her father to be allowed to remain at home. On his refusal, she wrote to Shelley; and in a sad and evil hour for both, this girl, who had thrown herself upon his protection, and 'with whom he was not in love,' became his wife." Harriet was sixteen; Shelley, nineteen. From London they went to Edinburgh (they were married at Gretna Green, we believe), and shortly afterward to York; thence to Keswick, to Wales, to a small cottage in Berkshire (where economy was to be studied), and back to London. "During their residence in the latter town" (York), says Lady Shelley, "a new inmate was added to their circle in the person of the elder Miss Westbrook—a visitor whose presence was in many respects unfortunate. From strength of character and disparity of years (for she was much older than Harriet), she exercised a strong influence over her sister; and this influence was used without much discretion, and with little inclination to smooth the difficulties or promote the happiness of the young couple."

This interesting sister-in-law (who, by-the-by, if Hogg is to be believed, was remarkable for two things—a habit of combing her back hair on the slightest provocation, and an immoderate use of the expression, "What ever would Miss Warne say?") was no doubt a continual drawback to Shelley's domestic happiness; and as Harriet appears not to have had sufficient strength of mind to assert herself in her own house, matters were made worse. It would have been better for all parties concerned, or, at least, for Shelley and his wife, if this insufferable sister-in-law had been floated down the Ouse, as suggested by Shelley's friend, Hogg. "Dear Harriet," says this gentleman, "how nicely that dearest Eliza would spin down the river! How sweetly she would turn round and round like that log of wood! And, gracious heaven! what would Miss Warne say?"

Anyhow, she was a nuisance to Shelley's household, and she ought to have been sent packing. When she did at last go, "the poet," says Hogg, "exulted with a malicious pleasure that he had fairly planted her at last." One of the Westbrook family was beginning to be too much for Shelley, with her lackadaisical, half-bred manner, and eternal reading aloud of books that she did not at all understand, varied with dissertations on matricide, suicide, rick-burning, etc. She was out of her proper sphere; a grave mistake had been committed; and the woman who should have been coquetting with intellectual bagmen at her father's coffee-house, was the wife, not the companion—that she could never be—of a great and divine poet. "Towards the close of 1813," says Lady Shelley, "estrangements, which had been slowing growing between Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, came to a crisis. Separation ensued, and Mrs. Shelley returned to her father's house. Here she gave birth to her second child."

It would be useless to attempt to palliate Shelley's conduct. If she (Lady Shelley) did not tell the truth boldly and deliberately, she at least placed the matter in such a light that there was no room left for doubt. He had been visiting at the Godwins' for some time previously, and Mary Godwin had made a deep impression upon him. She was, perhaps, the one woman in the world worthy of being his companion, and a pitiless fate had kept them apart from each other. The desertion of Harriet Shelley was the only way in which the obstacle of their companionship could be surmounted. Mary Godwin plighted her troth to Shelley over her mother's grave, and Shelley (there is no other word for it) deserted his wife. This was a source of the greatest pain to the poet, and his happiness was clouded by the intolerable thought that there was another woman in the world hankering for his love—the mother of his children, the companion of his early struggles and aspirations—a woman, moreover, that he could not love, but only pity with a pity divine. At length the sad end came. His wife committed suicide, to which she had always been predisposed. "Never," says Lady Shelley, "during all his (Shelley's) after life did the shade depart which had fallen on his gentle and sensitive nature from the self-wrought grave of the companion of his early youth." Harriet Shelley sought destruction in the waters of the Serpentine; Shelley was drowned by the capsizing of his yacht in the bay of Spezia. The despair and suspense of Mary Shelley, as she waited to hear the fate of her husband, was terrible. She rushed into Lord Byron's room "with a face of marble, and refused to be calmed or comforted. Byron afterward informed Lady Blessington that he never saw anything in dramatic tragedy to equal the terror of Mrs. Shelley's appearance on that day.

Retribution of an avenging power, that wreaks punishment on the heads of the guilty. Can a sadder picture be imagined? On the one side, Mary Shelley wildly pacing the shore of the Bay of Spezia, and beseeching the sea to give up its dead; on the other, Harriet Shelley, with the mad energy of a despairing woman, rushing to the banks of the Serpentine and plunging wildly into its waters! Despite the tragedy, it would have been a great loss to the world if Mary Godwin and Shelley had not come together. She, as we have before declared, was the woman born to be his companion and wife; and although she was but sixteen years of age when she joined him, she was altogether suited to him—great poet that he was. Mary Shelley was the daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft (they had not been wedded), and from her earliest years had been brought up in the belief that marriage was an unnecessary contract. "To her," we are quoting the Memorials, "as they met one eventful day in St. Pancras churchyard by her mother's grave, Bysshe in burning words poured forth the tale of his wild past; how he had suffered, how he had been misled, and how, if supported by her love, he hoped in future years to enroll his name with the wise and good who had done battle for their fellow-men, and been true through all adverse storms to the cause of humanity. Unhesitatingly, she placed her hand in his, and linked her fortune with his own; and most truthfully, as the remaining portion of these Memorials will prove, was the pledge of both redeemed." She was indeed a true wife and companion to him; with an intellect nearly the equal of his own, she combined the graces and virtues of a true woman. She would listen to no scandal against him, and could face danger for him, as the following passage from one of her letters to him will prove: "I wrote to you with far different feelings, last night, beloved friend. Our bark is indeed 'tempest-tost;' but love me as you have ever done, and God preserve my child to me, and our enemies shall not be too much for us. Consider well if Florence be a fit residence for us, I love, I own, to face danger; but I would not be imprudent." Mary Shelley was left a widow at the early age of twenty-four. A more noble-hearted or more intellectual woman never breathed; and the insipidity and meanness of Harriet's character stand out the more prominently when contrasted with her own generous and fearless disposition.

A True Bill.

"A Pennsylvania bachelor" thus gets after lovely woman:—"I impeach her in the name of the great whale of the ocean, whose bones are torn asunder to enable her to keep straight. I impeach her in the name of the peacock, whose strut, without his permission, she has stealthfully and without honor assumed. I impeach her in the name of the horse, whose tail she has perverted from its use to the making of wavy tresses to decorate the back of her head and neck. I impeach her in the name of the kangaroo, whose beautiful figure she, in taking upon herself the Grecian bend, has brought into ill-favor and disrepute." Here the old fellow heaved a sigh, and heaved himself overboard.

☞ AN IOWA VINEYARD.—Gen. Kenny, of Keokuk, has the largest vineyard in Iowa. In two different enclosures, within two and a half miles of Keokuk, he has 71 acres set in grapevines, with fine oak posts and wire to train on. He has expended $35,000 on his vineyard and enclosing the grounds, building tenant-houses, etc.

Popular Pretty Women.

The popular women we mean are simply those met with in society, women whose natural place is the drawing-room and whose sphere is the well-dressed world, women who are emphatically ladies, and who understand *les convenances* and obey them, even if they take up a cause and practice philanthropy or preach philosophy. But the popular woman rarely does take up a cause, or make her philanthropy conspicuous or her philosophy audible. Partisanship implies angles, and she has no angles. If of the class of the admired, she is most popular who is least obtrusive in her claims and most ingenuous in ignoring her superiority. A pretty woman, however pretty, if affected, vain, or apt to give herself airs, may be admired, but is never popular. The men whom she snubs sneer at her in private; the women whom she eclipses as well as snubs do more than sneer; those only to whom she is gracious find her beauty a thing of joy, but as she is distractingly eclectic in her favoritism she counts as many foes as she has friends; and though those who dislike her cannot call her ugly, they can call her disagreeable, and do. But the pretty woman who wears her beauty to all appearance unconsciously, never suffering it to be aggressive to other women nor willfully employing it for the destruction of men, who is gracious in manner and of a pleasant temper, who is frank and approachable, and does not seem to consider herself as something sacred and set apart from the world because nature made her lovelier than the rest—she is the woman whom all unite in admiring, the popular person *par excellence* of her set.

The popular pretty woman is one who, take her as a young wife (and she must be married,) honestly loves her husband, but does not thrust her affection into the face of the world, and never flirts with him in public. Indeed, she flirts with other men just enough to make time pass pleasantly, and enjoys a rapid waltz or a lively conversation as much as when she was seventeen, and before she was appropriated. She does not think it necessary to go about morally ticketed, nor does she find it necessary for her dignity or her virtue to fence herself round with coldness or indifference to the multitude by way of proving her loyalty to one. Still, as it is notorious that she does love her husband, and as every one knows that they are perfectly content with each other, and therefore not on the look-out for supplements, the men with whom she has those innocent little jokes, those transparent secrets, those animated conversations, that confessed friendship and good understanding, do not make mistakes, and the very women belonging to them forget to be censorious, even though she is so much admired. She is a mother too, and a fond one, so can sympathise with other mothers, and expatiate on her nursery in the confidential chat over 5 o'clock tea, as all fond mothers do and should. She keeps a well-managed house, and is notorious for the amount of needle-work she gets through, and of which she is prettily proud, not being ashamed to tell you that the dress you admire so much was made by her own hands, and she will give your wife the pattern if she likes; while she boasts of even rougher upholstery work which she and her maid and her sewing-machine have got through with dispatch and credit. She gives dinners with a *cachet* of their own, and that have been evidently planned with careful thought and study; and she is not above her work as mistress and organizer of her household. Yet she finds time to keep abreast with the current literature of the day, and never has to confess to ignorance of the ordinary topics of conversation. She is not a woman of extreme views about anything. She has not signed improper papers, and she does not discuss improper questions; she does not go in for woman's rights; she has a horror of facility of divorce; and she sets up for nothing—being neither an Advanced Woman desirous of usurping the possessions and privileges of men, nor a Griselda who thinks her proper place is at the feet of men, to take their kicks with patience and their caresses with gratitude, as is becoming in an inferior creature. She does not dabble politics; and though she likes to make her dinners successful and her evenings brilliant, she by no means assumes to be a leader of fashion, or to impose laws on her circle. She likes to be admired, and she is always ready to let herself be loved; she is always ready, too, to do any good work that comes in her way, and she finds time for the careful overlooking of a few pet charities, about which she makes no parade, just as she finds time for her nursery and her needle-work. And, truth to tell, she enjoys these quiet hours, with only her children to love her and her poor pensioners to admire her, quite as much as she enjoys the brilliant receptions where she is among the most popular and the most beautiful.

Her nature is gentle, her affections large, her passions small, she may have prejudices, but they are lady-like prejudices of a mild kind, mainly on the side of modesty and tenderness and the quietude of womanhood. She is a woman throughout, without the faintest dash of the masculine element in mind or manners, and she aspires to nothing else. She carries with her an atmosphere of happiness, of content, of spiritual completeness, of purity which is not prudery; her life is filled with a variety of interests, consequently she is never peevish through monotony, nor yet, on the other hand, is she excited, hurried, storm-driven, as those who give themselves up to "objects," and perfect nothing because they attempt too much. She is popular, because she is beautiful without being vain, loving without being sentimental; happy in herself, yet not indifferent to others; because she understands her drawing-room duties as well as her nursery ones, and knows how to combine domesticity with social splendor. This is the best type of the popular pretty woman to whom is given admiration, and against whom no one has a stone to fling or a slander to whisper; and this is the ideal woman of the English upper-class home, of which, thank heaven, we still raise a few specimens, just to show what women may be if they like, and what sweet and lovely creatures they are when they are content to be as nature designed them.

☞ To educate the mind, a picturesque set of chinaware is as necessary as a schoolmaster. Mankind is all the better for the pattern of its dinner-plates. When men ate from wooden benches, they lived without poetry. In other words, when they lived like hogs, they acted like hogs. Who ever knew a man to be caught in a street row with a clean shirt upon him?

How to Behave Abroad.

BY THE REV. MR. OSGOOD.

Americans are not particularly in danger of being abashed by the titles and insignia of European aristocracy. It is, however, a matter of some importance how we are to treat persons of such position when we are in their presence. If we do not like them it is very easy to keep out of their way, and we are at perfect liberty to let them alone; but if we seek their society, as Americans are apt to do, we must expect to conform to their social usages, so far as not to insult or seem to insult them. An intelligent American sees at once that there is no class of persons in Europe on the whole superior to our own best class, and he is soon cured of all uncomfortable man-worship or caste-worship. He see, moreover, that men of the highest position are not greedy for adulation, and are content with the most modest and simple recognition of their position. No American, of course, will thrust himself into such society by his importunity, and no matter how good our letter of introduction may be, it is always well to give the other party a chance to let us alone, and to allow him to notice us or not. I was very shy of the grandees of Europe, especially of England, and expected to be vigorously let alone by them. It was at first quite embarrassing to sit at table with men nominally of a wholly new class to me, and something of a puzzle to know how to address them. But it soon became clear that they were only educated, well-bred gentlemen, like our best people at home, and that they had little to do with their titles in friendly society. They seemed to speak to each other in the simplest way, and say "you" generally, instead of "your grace," "my lord," and the like, and only when presenting distinguished persons to others the full title is given. I think that it is good breeding in England to address a distinguished person once by his title, and afterwards to say "you" or "sir." I heard Tyndall, the philosopher, address the Prince of Wales at a public meeting, and after calling him "Your Royal Highness" once or twice, he spoke to him simply as "sir," which I thought was a slip of the tongue, until I learned otherwise and was assured that it was proper even to speak to the Queen as "Madame," after addressing her as "Your Majesty." These are little matters, but they are becoming more important as the best-bred people in Europe and America are coming together and we wish to be mutually agreeable.

I must prefer our American way of calling people by their most characteristic titles. We call our President simply "President," our senators, "Senator," our generals and admirals, "General" or "Admiral." It would be pleasant to do the same abroad, and say "King," "Queen," "Duke," "Earl," "Lord," "Prince," "Archbishop," "Bishop," Cardinal," or "Pope," without any circumlocution, and some persons do so, like the English author who visited a famous duke and called him "Duke," instead of "your Grace," without giving offence. It is evident that Europeans do not wish to intrude their conventional dignities upon reluctant Americans, and that we are exempted from a great deal of their tyranny of caste by a courtesy that tries to receive us on our own basis of society instead of theirs. Nothing is more offensive to the upper classes abroad than the sycophancy that humbles itself into the dust to win their favor, and is ready to boast of the favor in a domineering tone among plain people below that charmed circle.

There is nothing in European manners to trouble an American's self-respect, unless at the Papal court. At Venice, the Prince of Prussia came to our hotel, and we Americans turned out with others to receive him; and when we took off our hats, he, like a gentleman, took off his hat also. When the host and waiters were so much engrossed with waiting on the table of his Royal Highness as sometimes to forget that we were as hungry as he and his friends, and probably quite as good pay, and in the long run better customers, we sent word that we would not stand that kind of nonsense, but would have our dinner or quit, and the sovereign Yankee was forthwith attended to. As to the Pope of Rome and the whole Roman etiquette, I confess to having the old-fashioned stiff necked, stiff-kneed obduracy. If he offers prayer, as a minister, to the almighty God, it is easy to kneel with him; or if he administers what the church regards as a divine sacrament, it is no sycophancy to kneel at the altar where he ministers; but this homage to the person of a frail man like ourselves is very repulsive, and ought not to be exacted. Of course, if we visit him we must expect to do what the rules of his house require, or we had better stay away. Yet it will be a great relief to many when this man-worship is done away, and the Bishop of Rome can be approached with the simple respect that is due to all men of his class and profession.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Construction of Pianos.

In an ordinary piano there are fifteen kinds of wood, namely: Pine, maple, spruce, cherry, walnut whitewood, apple, basswood, birch, mahogany, ebony, holly, cedar, beech, and rosewood, from Honduras, Ceylon, England, South America, and Germany. In this combination elasticity, strength, pliability, toughness, resonance, lightness, durability, and beauty, are individual qualities, and the general result is "voice." There are also used of the metals iron, steel, brass, white metal, gun metal, and lead. There are in an instrument of seven and a half octaves 214 strings, making a total length of 787 feet of steel wire, and 500 of white (covering) wire. Such a piano will weigh from 900 to 1000 pounds, and will last with constant use (not abuse) fifteen or twenty years.

A WORD TO PARENTS.—Remember that the time must come in every family when it is the children's right to begin to think and act for themselves, and the parents' duty to allow them to do it; when it is wisest gradually to slacken authority, to sink "I command" into "I wish," to grant large freedom of opinion, and, above all, in the expression of it. Likewise (and this is a most important element in family union) to give license—nay, actual sympathy—to wandering affections, friendships, or lives which, for the time being, seem to find the home-circle too narrow and too dull—*Miss Mulock.*

☞ When John Wesley was vainly endeavoring to convince his sister that the voice of the people is the voice of God, "Yes," she mildly replied, "it cried, 'Crucify him, crucify him.'"

SPRING.

Come back, oh Spring of Earth!
  Come back, thou long-lost Spring!
We long for the light of love and mirth
  That airs of April bring;
We long for the soft moss-rose,
  For a fresh green on the leaves,
For the sunny bank where the daffodil blows,
  And the swallow in the eaves;
We are tired of the Winter's gloom,
  Of the snow-flake cold and pale;
And we long for the orchard's crown of bloom,
  And the song of the nightingale.

Come back, oh Spring of Youth!
  Come back to the hoary head;
We long for the light of joy and truth,
  And the hopes that are long since dead;
We long for the brooding wings
  Of those blue eternal skies
That gilded the dullest and meanest things
  With the glory of Paradise.
We are tired of the ceaseless beat
  Of waves on a weary shore,
Of the clash of tongues and the tramp of feet,
  And the heart too dull to soar;
And we long (in vain) for the sunlight sweet
  That is vanished for evermore.

Come back, oh Spring of Love!
  Come back to the heart grown cold;
We long for the moon in the elm-tree grove,
  And the autumn's noon of gold;
We long for the evening hours
  When the rooks had gone to rest,
And from myrtle scent of garden bowers
  We gazed at the crimson West.
We long for one hour to borrow
  The heart of deep content,
The light of a time when all our sorrow
  Was an hour in absence spent;
We are tired of a loveless strife
  With toil, and sin, and care;
And we long for the light of a nobler life,
  And the loving heart that's there.

Come back, oh Spring of Heaven!
  Come back to a world forlorn;
We long for the twilight of earth's sad even
  To melt in a golden morn;
We long for the mists to rise
  That hang o'er the good and true,
To see once more, through opening skies,
  The eternal stainless blue;
And to walk by the palms of Paradise,
  Where Heaven and Earth are new.
We are tired of the dreary gloom
  Of earth and earthly things,
And we long for the soul's immortal bloom,
  Where joy and love are her rich perfume,
And "Glory" the song she sings.

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THROUGH THE SEA.

Lucy Thorndike went through the dancing-room, through the hall, and peered in among the card-players. He was not there. Turning, she confronted Mr. Rutherford.

"Will you find my husband and bring him here?" she asked, sharply, her feeling of terror and longing for escape overpowering all else.

He went without a word. It seemed to her that she waited an age. Her limbs smote together tremblingly, and her brain was in a whirl of pain and confusion.

At last he came. The keen, far-reaching part of her soul took in the whole at a glance, the face flushed almost to purple, the eyes bleared and with a stupid stare.

"Warren, will you take me home? I am tired, sick of the heat and glare. And it is late—nearly two."

He gave a coarse, unmeaning laugh.

"What ails you?" he asked.

"I want to go home!"

There was a pitiful entreaty in her voice that would have pricked any other man to the heart.

"By Jove! Can't you go then? I'm not ready. Why can't you go back to your dancing?"

Her face was growing frightfully pale, and she swayed as if she would have fallen. That sobered him a little.

"Yes," he said, not crossly, but in a careless way that cut her to the heart—"you had better return. I'll order the carriage. You won't mind being alone? Hillo! There's Rutherford!"

Mr. Rutherford acceded to his host's request. He handed Mrs. Thorndike in the carriage—saw that she was sufficiently protected from the keen air, and took a seat opposite. His manner was almost fatherly.

Neither of them spoke during the drive. He assisted her out, and they entered the library. The light was burning low—the grate was half filled with ashes—books and papers were scattered about the table. The comfortless look struck a chill to her heart; or perhaps it was more the thought of the fearful spiritual desolation that surrounded her.

"Shall I ring for your maid?" he asked, in a solicitous tone.

"No." She turned, weakly, throwing off her shawl, and made as if she would have spoken, but her lips moved without sound.

He wanted to speak, to comfort, but he remembered his rash interference of a short time before, and gave her a look of wise and tender pity.

"You see it all;" she said, hoarsely, with strained blue lips, and flickering shadows about the unnaturally bright eyes. You see the life before me—perhaps better than I, for you understand more of the world. I don't know whether you were wise or over hasty, but you have thrust my friend beyond the pale of my faith. And yet it was only friendship—believe that of me, of him."

"I believe it of you;" he returned, bowing his head.

She seated herself, and leaned her clasped hands on the table. You could tell how strongly her feelings were working by the nervous manner in which the fingers interlaced each other.

"But it *is* dangerous. You are right enough there. Only what shall I do, shut out of everything? My life went astray at the beginning. How can one gather the confused and broken threads and begin anew?"

Her voice smote him with its pitiful entreaty.

"It is a dark and thorny way;" he said, slowly. "This was why it seemed better to my finite and narrow judgment, that you should linger in the paths of negative content."

"It is too late; too late!" she cried, sharply.

"Yes, it is too late. You have tasted of knowledge even if it turn to bitter ashes upon your lips. But why should it. Is not your soul brave enough to dare it?"

"What shall I do?"

Her voice was so earnest, and her pale face warmed with an expression of eager interest.

If he *could* guide her! If he dared to take this trembling soul into his care as a brother might. If her husband—but counting upon him was useless—so she must fight her way up to the light alone. He experienced the most profound pity for her.

"What shall I do?"

Her eyes were strained and glittering. It seemed to her as if her soul were vibrating between two unknown shores.

"It is a hard matter to advise. A mother or sister might guide you aright, or a true and noble friend, but I think you will find that men are apt to bring in themselves, and that the simplest regard might warm into a snare and perplexity. Your first duty will always be to your husband."

She shivered visibly. And yet once she was glad to have him take her out of a life that looked so much more dreary than this. But it was a farce to say that she had ever truly loved him! He had never been positively unkind—but when she contrasted him with those she had come to know and admire now, her whole soul was filled with disgust.

"And after that some paths are open, which, if rightly followed, may be made to yield much satisfaction. I think you women are too impatient for results. If you cannot make your lives perfect and harmonious in a few months, you give up in despair."

She answered with a vague, dreary smile of assent.

"The soul finds many paths of enjoyment. Literature and music are open to you; and highest of all, that ministering to others who are in trouble and suffering."

"I don't know any;" she said, vehemently. "I sometimes wonder, if in all the length and breadth of God's earth there is so miserable a creature as I!"

"You, with your youth and health, and your many blessings! Ah, you know little of distress, and grief, and shame, and the black host of evils that follow in the wake of some lives!"

She was abashed by his earnestness.

"You can raise yourself in the scale of humanity. You can cultivate true and noble aims, you can keep your soul pure and lofty—and when you tire of the frivolous pleasure of society, here will be a living fountain at which you may refresh your thirsty lips. Gratification of every passing desire is not always the way to happiness, as you will find. But it seems to me, at times, that the consciousness of acting from pure and high motives, proves more satisfactory than mere pleasure."

Something in his look and tone roused an undercurrent of immortal longing in the keen yet deep-seated fibres of her soul. A wild impulse to cling to him as to a rock of safety whose foundation no tempest or perpetual surges can overthrow, sprang up within her. It seemed as if a woman might blossom into perfection with such a man for her guide and stay.

He struck the deepest answering chord in her nature. Had she been free it would have proved a pure and irrevocable love; but she was not likely to think of this in connection with him. She felt stronger for the glance of those open, honest eyes.

"I think you are right in many things," she said in a low voice, that cost her a strong effort to steady. "I have devoted too much of my time and energy to pleasure. I have fretted against the bars to perfect happiness, forgetting whose hand placed them there. My soul was dark and narrow and ill-guided when I chose my destiny, but it was a free choice. I see my duty clearer. Pray that I may have strength to perform it."

"I will. I can trust you in God's hands. He hears those who cry to Him out of deepest darkness and despair."

She rose, and obeying her first impulse gave him her hand.

"Good night," she said falteringly. "I shall remember this when you are away."

"May God watch over you and keep you," he returned fervently. "When you find the way hard be strong of soul. The good soldier presses ever forward, you know."

She turned then and went to her room. Tired she was; nay, her physical strength seemed utterly exhausted, but the fire and inward resolution shot up into a steady flame. She would make her life of more worth than the course of sensuous beauty and delight hinted at by Mr. Marchmont, and indolently followed by herself for the last few weeks, could ever bring. There *was* something nobler.

And then she shuddered with a sickening despair. The love that perfected and hallowed all true existences, must forever stand apart from hers. She did not deceive herself by thinking that she could raise her husband to any higher sphere. His passions were all of the earth, earthy. Love of money, applause, and position, common endearments when he felt good-natured, and if cross or unlucky in any move, his wife was sure to feel it. Ah, how blind she had been in those days when he seemed a hero!

He came in an hour or two later, stumbling over the floor with an unsteady step. What if to the rest he should add the horrible vice of drunkenness! She lay breathless in a spasm of agony. Could she do nothing for him?

Some traces of her vigil were visible the next morning. Paul Rutherford noted them in silence. A pang tore his heart as he thought of her fighting the hard battle without even a word of commendation. For though her husband might be pitiless to any open sin, after the manner of such men, he could never understand the temptation, the struggle, and the victory that ennobled such natures. To escape the danger would be no great virtue in his eyes, for the subtler forms of allurement were not palpable to his dull understanding.

Their parting words were uttered with a quiet dignity on her side, and a sadness on his which touched her. A vague impression haunted both minds that it might be for the last time.

Mr. Thorndike was still hilarious, having hardly recovered from his last night's revel. And it must be confessed that he was not sorry at the prospect of Mr. Rutherford's long absence. He dreaded to have the clear eyes pounce down upon any scheme that was not quite perfected, or where a slight flaw could be detected. Marchmont was not half as likely to keep him in check.

For days afterward Lucy felt languid and irresolute. The main business of life seemed to go on as usual, but its aspect had changed for her. She heard a little gossip about Mr. Marchmont and Miss Ronald when Mrs. Graham called to express her solicitude at Mrs. Thorndike's state of health. She almost wished that it might be true.

And since she was neither well nor ill, Lucy excused herself from gayeties. They had lost their flavor. Mr. Marchmont held aloof in a curious state of mind. He meant that she should summon him to her side again, but there seemed small probability.

The season was very early. By the middle of May the days were long and warm, and the dense smoke from the factories insupportable. Mrs. Wilder held herself in readiness for an invitation to accompany her cousin's wife to some fashionable resort, but it never came. Lucy went to a quiet little seaside place not many miles distant. Her husband could come whenever he chose. She wanted to do nothing to widen the breach between them. Some new and finer ideas had crept into her concerning her duty towards him. When he was away she made noble resolves, but in his presence they appeared so utterly impracticable. And then she remembered with a discouraged feeling how her earlier efforts had been frustrated by his indifference.

With herself she began at the foundation. She was a severe censor—as youth generally is when it takes up a theory in earnest. Her littleness, her vanity, her wretched indecision, her love of approbation, all passed in stern review before her. The gayeties were of so mild a type that she did not need to dread them.

It was a crude and spasmodic effort. Often did she feel inclined to give it up and return to the old careless life, but it seemed as if that had rolled away forever.

I think she did miss Mr. Marchmont's refined and delicate attentions. There were some pleasant people here; two or three elderly, motherly ladies, but she was in no mood to tone herself to the insipidities of life. She needed freshness and strength, the two things that seemed to have gone out of her world, leaving the dreariness that it was so hard to overcome. One week she thought she gained a little in steadiness of endeavor, and the next it was lost.

Yet unconsciously her communings with nature did her good. She was learning to make some distinctions that would stand her in good stead later, in the time of sorer trouble and need. She returned home much improved in health.

Mr. Marchmont had just left Dedham to attend to some important business connections. The rest of the little world seemed going on the same as ever. Miss Ronald had captivated a dashing Major of the regular army, and was preparing to go off to the frontier. Mrs. Glenfield and some of the ladies made their regular calls, Lucy went home and took tea with her father and Rachel, and there outward excitement appeared to stop.

It was a very dull Autumn. The air was rife with uncomfortable rumors and surmisings. Two or three large Houses went down with a crash, and dragged the smaller ones in their wake. Mr. Garth shook his head mysteriously, and bemoaned his son-in-law's extravagance to Rachel.

"It would have been different if he had chosen a prudent wife," she would return with a sigh.

Lucy felt the change in her husband. He was growing morose and impatient; he flew into unreasonable passions at the smallest trifles. Well for her that she had become in some degree weaned from society. She could have her old dresses made over in perfect security, she could sit at home and practice her music, her only solace now, and not be disturbed by the comments of her neighbors.

She might have heard the whispers, but all Dedham thought she was holding haughtily aloof. Heads were nodded and significant winks exchanged. There was nothing doing at the mines, the factories were discharging their workmen and contracting daily. The prospect of a hard winter loomed threateningly on the horizon of the little town.

The crash came at last. Warren Thorndike returned home one night much worse for the liquor he had taken to keep up his spirits, and announced to his wife in tones of derision that her grand reign was over. No more parties and extravagant dinners, no more diamonds and flaunting silks. She must give up her servants and come down to the level of other women!

"Oh, Warren!" she exclaimed, obeying her first impulse, "if you had not undertaken so many things! The coal mine would have been enough, or the iron—or even if you had gone on with father—"

"Much you know about it," he returned angrily. "All that you women care for is fine clothes and parties, but there's no more for you! And I want to know if you're any better than your sister!"

"I never said that I was," and the fire flashed into Lucy's eyes. "And the extravagance has not been altogether mine. You invited your friends here and desired that they should be handsomely entertained. I only did your bidding."

"And you were glad enough to come and live here in grand style, to make a show and flaunt round in your carriage!"

Lucy Thorndike glanced at her husband in amaze. She *had* been willing enough to share the good things of this life, but they had been gifts from him rather than any demands on her part. And now that he should taunt her with it! The indignant blood rushed hotly through her veins.

Yet he was not master of himself, she saw that with a feeling of shame. Recrimination would only make the matter worse.

"I am sorry for your losses, Warren," she said, choking down the anger and scorn that *would* rise. "And whatever sacrifice you require of me shall be cheerfully made."

Her kind tone partially disarmed him.

"We must give up the house," he returned doggedly.

"Is it so bad as that? Is it a total loss? And oh, Warren, Mr. Rutherford is away!"

She thought of that with alarm.

"Well, is it any worse for him than for the rest?"

"Will he lose all that he has invested?"

"The whole thing is flat, I tell you. Twenty cents on a dollar couldn't be squeezed out of it!"

"And you know he invested the money of some ward. It's not altogether his own loss. You were so sure, Warren!"

There was a strange, eager light in her face, as if she wished to save Mr. Rutherford from the wreck; at least, so her husband interpreted it. A hateful, smouldering jealousy kindled in his soul.

"So, that is it?" he sneered coarsely. "You can bewail *his* loss. Perhaps your attractions kept him hanging here, with his lordly ways and fine manners. I never did like the man. And you—"

"Don't say one more such word to me;" and Lucy Thorndike confronted her husband in fearless innocence, drawing her slender figure to its fullest height. "He was *your* guest. He came by your invitation and to the very last, and he was a true and loyal gentleman! He would scorn to utter one wrong word to any woman. And if I regret his loss it is that it seems so like treachery when our hospitality has been urged upon him."

The tone and manner cowered Warren Thorndike. The truth that had been dimly forcing itself into his soul by slow degrees seemed to stamp itself ineffaceably at that moment. This woman was not on his level, and never had been. She looked so simple standing there before him, her soft dark dress clinging about her graceful figure, a white rose in her hair, and a cluster of geranium leaves at her throat, that he could find no fault with her attire. But the steadfast and almost scornful eyes, the firm mouth, the flush of pride and indignation angered him beyond control. She was *his* wife, and she should not be lavishing her pity upon other men.

He told her so in not very choice language; but before he had finished his tirade she swept from the room and left him alone in his unreasonable resentment.

He had dared to insinuate that this man had been swayed by base and selfish motives! Her heart swelled at the wrong, and hot, passionate tears filled her eyes. It was well, perhaps, that he was not here.

But oh, the forlorn and miserable life that stretched out before her! Still the clear low voice rang through her brain, just as when it had said—

"Your first duty is toward your husband."

Yes, it was true. And now it was time to practice the lessons he had taught her.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE DESERT.

Dedham was alive with gossip for the next fortnight. Mr. Thorndike's downfall was commented upon in every imaginable manner. There were meetings of directors and stockholders, and censure flowed freely.

And yet it could hardly be said with strict truth that Warren Thorndike was more to blame than many of the others. There was money in the undeveloped resources of both mines, but these panic-stricken men thought little of that now. Those who had been induced to lend their money in the prospect of large dividends were clamorous for half or quarter. Like the majority of the great accidents of life, most of those engaged lost their presence of mind and rushed madly about for any remedy.

In one sense it proved the salvation of Warren Thorndike. The shock sobered him effectually. He had a good, strong, keen brain, and a sanguine temperament. On Marchmont's return the two went over the matter with patient carefulness. So unlike in nearly every respect, they still met on the strong vantage ground of self. And when Marchmont said, "There's a fortune in it still, if matters could only be tided over," Thorndike took heart.

The coal speculation was disposed of advantageously, considering all things. Marchmont came forward with considerable ready money and bought up the iron stock for almost nothing. Warren Thorndike sold his grand house for a large advance on its first cost, and managed to come out of the general wreck with tolerably clean hands. He was not dishonest nor a villain. Lucy made her part of the sacrifice cheerfully. She even gave up her diamonds, for somehow they seemed hateful in her sight.

The next important question was what they should do with themselves.

"I am not sure but boarding will be cheaper," Lucy had said, and Warren repeated this to Rachel Garth.

There had sprung up a strange sympathy between Warren Thorndike and his narrow-minded but clear-sighted sister-in-law. She had taken it for granted that he meant to be scrupulously honest and pay his debts to the utmost, and her faith in him when he was an object of general condemnation had given her a strong hold over him. He fell into the habit of coming to her for advice, and when events turned out more prosperously than any one had expected her pride and triumph for him had proved very flattering.

He had repeated Lucy's remark for her approbation or otherwise.

"A very sensible resolve on her part," commented Rachel. "She knows nothing about housekeeping, and you have had enough of servants' wastefulness."

She discussed the matter with her father. "We might take them in here for the present," she said.

Mr. Garth did not object. By slow degrees Rachel had come to be the ruling spirit of the small household. He would not have believed that he was failing in strength or energy, but the years began to tell upon him.

Rachel made the bargain with Mr. Thorndike. She fancied in her narrow but conscientious way to do the best for them both. With a fair chance Warren might retrieve the past. She would exercise *some* supervision over Lucy and keep her from rushing into imprudent excesses. Their house was large enough for both.

It had been a dreary time to Lucy. Mr. and Mrs. Glenfield had come with the usual condolence. Indeed, the lady had improved the occasion as she did every one. It could never be brought against her that she turned away from the poor and unfortunate.

Yet the well-meaning platitudes roused a feeling of bitter defiance in Lucy's heart. What did this woman's complacent soul know of the keen stings of fate?

She could blame none of her old friends for neglect. Some came from curiosity—some from the pleasure of triumph. They questioned her about the future, mildly regretted the past, and prepared to drop her out of their books until she could reign again in purple and fine linen.

"It is the way of the world;" Mr. Marchmont said, sitting out one of these fashionable calls.

Circumstances had brought them together again. He had been floating around Dedham society a little, but he had not found her peer. He had been exceedingly dissatisfied with the abrupt termination of their friendship, and was anxious to renew it.

"I believe there is a very small amount of true sympathy in the world," she made answer, drearily.

"It is so rare that it is often classed with the counterfeit."

"And so one comes to self-reliance, which after all, may be best."

"And yet do you harden yourself against the world? Does it not leave a sore feeling in the depths of your heart?"

She glanced up with a faint flush.

"I was your friend once. I will not ask you to explain the misconception that came between, for I think it was through the influence of another. But if I can be of any service in the future, command me."

He rose and left her at that, and she remembered, as he meant she should, the pleading light in his eyes, and the persuasive inflection of his voice.

He had elected to remain in Dedham a year or two longer; for he felt confident that there was some money to be made. He disliked business of any kind, although he had a natural aptitude for it; but he did mean to secure wealth with this stroke.

Warren Thorndike informed his wife of his plans. They would go home for the present, as it was almost impossible for them to tell now, what their future would bring. He had never been in the habit of consulting her to any extent, and was surprised when she replied—

"You might have asked whether such an arrangement would be pleasant for me."

He stared in blank wonder.

"Why should it not be pleasant?" he asked.

"I married you to escape them;" was on her tongue, but she did not utter the sad truth because she felt it too true. He had taken her part against them then—had he forgotten all the circumstances?

Human nature is complex and inconsistent. He had enjoyed his triumph over the Garths at the time of the marriage; but now that it was to his interest, he was quite willing to accept any favors at their hands. He had none of the fine, sensitive pride that characterized her.

"Well, we can try it;" she said, drearily.

"I'm sure it's kind of Rachel."

He glanced sharply at her. She found now that she seldom gained the victory in these wordy contests. He had grown very masterly in argument, and fallen into the habit of treating her as if she were of no special importance.

She went home to talk the matter over with Rachel—who was quite condescending.

"I shall furnish my own rooms," she said, "and I wish to bring my piano. There are some pictures and articles that were not salable, and others for which I really cared."

"There's plenty of room I'm sure;" was the elder sister's grim retort.

Lucy lingered until her father came in. He stooped in the shoulders, and was a good deal wrinkled. Somehow this showed more plainly to-day than ever before.

Contact with the world, through the medium of his son-in-law, had softened some of Mr. Garth's asperities. Perhaps, too, since his daughter had come to have a distinct individuality of her own, he had respected her the more.

"I am coming home again, it seems;" and she took his hand in both of her soft palms.

"Then you've decided?" with a wistful glance.

"I believe my decision was not needed;" with a hard look at Rachel.

"It will be a great change, to be sure," eying the plain and bare-looking room.

"I shall bring some of my brightness," she said with a smile. "You won't object to it now. We are all wiser than we were in that old time."

In his heart he thanked her for the words and look.

Yet Lucy Thorndike shed many bitter tears at the prospect of leaving her luxurious home. The diamonds, rich dresses, and the parties would not be so great a sacrifice. She had tested them, and knew their hollowness and vanity. But the beauty and grace, the large rooms and wide halls, the flowers, the elegance and order, the ease and home feeling, could not be hers in a house in which her sister was mistress.

Rachel stood aghast at the loads of things that were sent. She ventured to remonstrate a little.

"Then we'll burn them up," declared Lucy in her desperate fashion. "As well as to sell them for nothing!"

Such a step would have been next to the waste of buying them, and Rachel was silent.

The change and the excitement roused Lucy. She set herself vigorously to work, and absolutely transformed the old house. Upstairs she had a sleeping and a sitting-room, and though they were dingy, low-ceiled places, she made them little nests of beauty.

Some of her friends followed her even here, and old acquaintances dropped in, rather curious to see if she fitted the niche. Lucy was too young and buoyant of soul not to feel a stir of pleasureable emotion at being thus made somewhat of a heroine.

"In my opinion it's a good thing," said Miss Kip, whom three years had made sharper of feature and sharper of tongue. And then she had never cordially forgiven Lucy Garth for spoiling her plans.

"She was going it with a high hand! A fine thing to ruin her husband in less than three years. If he'd had his eyes about him, he'd never a' married her!"

And so by midwinter Lucy was settled in her new home, the excitement pretty well over. She had insisted upon her position being well defined, for she knew there was not much to expect from Rachel's sympathy. Her rooms were her castle. She came and went as she liked, entertained her friends, read, studied, or devoted her hours to music. Anything to keep from dwelling too keenly upon the dreary life before her.

Mr. Marchmont rendered himself a welcome visitor.

Mr. Garth admired the hearty manner in which he had made a good fight against misfortune; Mr. Thorndike had come to depend upon him for a resolute carrying out of their plans. Rachel tolerated him. She watched her sister narrowly, and if Lucy had been betrayed into any special admiration of this handsome man, it would have proved the signal for her disapprobation.

If Lucy had been desperately in love, neither she nor he would have proclaimed their secret on the house-tops. He brought her an occasional book or piece of music, and sometimes sang with her, but never when they were alone. What Rachel did not see was the tender, unspoken but respectful sympathy, the accidental meetings elsewhere, and the infrequent but always pleasant walks.

Perhaps if he had known that he was never again to exercise his olden fascination over Lucy Thorndike, he would hardly have striven so ceaselessly. There had come a higher ideal of manly perfection to her, and the sorrowful fact, in that it was too late, steeled her heart against all lesser temptations. He was a link between this commonplace and the world of refinement and culture for which she longed. She knew now that money could not always bring it, and she felt that a cruel fate had shut her out. Of what avail, she asked herself daily, was the fitting her soul for this rare possibility that might never come!

And so she listened to him as one sometimes does to a strain of music that must presently vanish. It was a pleasant break among these commonplaces in which her life was set; a ray of light that served to keep endeavor alive.

He had begun the acquaintance simply from a spirit of indolence and a desire to be amused. When he had roused her a little, and saw the fine soul ready to leap out of bondage, it became love of power. If she had yielded and paid him the homage that so many women gave, he would have been satisfied, and soon tired of the victory. Then had come the break between them. He fancied that she understood him, that she had been warned, indeed, and hating the one who had thus secretly baffled him, he determined some day to regain what he had lost.

Was it the misfortune that had worked this change in her? Instead of the simply charming woman that she had been before, she was surrounded now with an indefinable grace and strength. As if from the old, eager, undisciplined girlishness a higher womanhood had dawned. He was not insensible to purity and goodness, and he experienced a kind of pitiful regret that it should be wasted upon such a being as Warren Thorndike.

"Why did he not marry the other one," he mused, seeing them together. "What soul has he for anything beyond money!"

And as he watched more closely, he saw what he fancied others had failed to note. Week by week Warren Thorndike was yielding to a stronger influence than any his wife possessed. I am not sure but that she might still have made her beauty a foil, had she cared, but he had outgrown its first charm, and her soul had gone so far beyond his that he had come to have an uneasy sensation regarding her.

The man, too, was changing rapidly. From the free and lavish manner of the last three years he made the not uncommon bound to penuriousness. He meant to retrieve the past and become once more a rich man. Rachel seconded this endeavor.

"As if money were all!" Lucy said, with a scornful laugh that angered him.

But when she found herself subjected to Rachel's careful oversight and economy, every pulse within her mutinied.

"What is it to you?" she said, one day, stung to an angry retort. "Am I not his wife? Is it I who will suffer through his poverty, or you?"

"You will be a foolish and wasteful woman to the end. You care for nothing but to be dressed in silk and sit at your piano. What word of encouragement do you ever have for him, when his toil is over? What care have you for the future and his old age?"

"You should have married him yourself, Rachel! My God, I wish you had!" she declared, wringing her hands with a sudden, sharp pang. "And you thought once that he cared for you. I know you did!"

Rachel Garth turned pale with passion.

"Oh," her sister said, "what a wreck I have made of all our lives! God help me."

"Put away these foolish tragedy airs!" exclaimed Rachel, sternly. "Act as becomes a prudent, married woman, and study your husband's interests."

Lucy was awed a little by the tone. Her heart was too full for a reply. And yet she would not have stooped to misjudge her husband or her sister.

But that night she broached a subject that she had been revolving all the afternoon. The spring was coming, and they ought to be looking for a home of their own. This had been merely a temporary arrangement.

He looked at her in stupid surprise.

"What fault is there to find with this?" he asked. "It is your father's house."

"But I should prefer my own."

"Has Rachel found any fault? I am sure she has always seemed satisfied;" and he stared hard at the idea.

"It is not Rachel. I want the freedom of my own home. It may be small and simple—but I want room to breathe. Here I am nothing!"

"Oh," he said, with a coarse sneer, "you are longing for the old extravagances? I may as well tell you once for all, madam, that they will never be had with my consent again. I was a fool! Those people who drank my wines and ate my luxuries—what did they care for me in the day of misfortune! And your grand ladies may put on airs—they'll never darken my doors again!"

"Oh, Warren," and the tears were in her eyes, "it is not that at all. I don't care for that show and waste. I want a pretty little home where we can care for each other—" she forced herself to say it—"and study each other's happiness."

He looked at her sharply, as if he had come to distrust her, and she felt it keenly.

"No," he said, decisively, "you can't wheedle me into that. I'm very well satisfied, and here I mean to stay while your father is willing. So no crying, if you please; that won't move me."

She was silent from amazement. Her very heart died within her.

He tumbled into bed without another word. She knew this decision was final, and that here she must remain, not only with him, but Rachel for a jailor.

Was it any wonder she should sit there over the dying fire and wish that she had never been born!

She knew very well that Rachel had been informed of this rebellious outbreak. It was Rachel who curtailed her pleasures, who criticised her friends unkindly until they became distasteful to her husband.

She gave up with a passive indifference that blinded Mr. Marchmont. He understood the cause of her unhappiness and ministered to her with rare delicacy and feeling. The danger that Mr. Rutherford had dreaded might become a possibility now. Many a woman, feeling herself neglected and tyrannized over, had left the safe conduct of a husband's authority and thrown herself into a lover's arms.

The business was coming up again rapidly. Every day the stock increased, and those who had been wild to sell at so great a sacrifice looked on with silent dismay. Marchmont was high in power. In a year or two he would be able to sell out with a competency. He should be very glad, for the place was growing tiresome. Only one charm held him here besides the business.

And so he fanned the flame into a steady revolt. He ministered to Lucy Thorndike as only a subtle and accomplished man of the world could minister, and made the hours spent with him seem the only pleasure of her life. That they should not alarm nor pall upon her fine sense, he managed that they should be infrequent. A word of sympathy, a look or tone, and her heart went out in gratitude towards him.

And yet it was gratitude only. If he could have looked into her heart he would not have felt quite satisfied with the esteem in which she held him. "A friend, who seeing my lonely life, pities me," she thought.

As for him he really had no plans for the future. When he became necessary to her existence, circumstances would shape his course. He was hardly aware how completely he was drifting into love with her, for the passion had heretofore been a very manageable one with him.

Lucy Thorndike did not give up all the hopes of her life without an effort. She roused herself to attract her husband's notice. He had reached that state of indifference where it was not an easy task to please. Her attempts at prettiness, whether it were a ribbon, a brooch, or a flower in her hair, were extravagance and vanity. In the early days he had listened to her reading, though he often went to sleep in the midst of it, but now he made no pretence to that much courtesy. "A sensible man was not expected to cry over foolish novels."

"I will read anything else," she said in her pleading tone.

"I never did care for reading. I've too many things to think of."

The tone was hard and indifferent and like his face, without an atom of sentiment.

"But you used to like to hear me sing."

"I've other things to attend to. Don't bother me with your nonsense."

"Warren, *did* you ever love me?"

She looked him straight into the eyes now, a grave, beseeching expression, as if she could still plead for the affection, poor in quality as it had been.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," in an uneasy, shuffling manner. "But a man is a fool who marries a woman for her pretty face. You can't live on beauty, and it won't help much in the way of making money."

"No, he could not coin her "hair's fine gold" into dollars, and though scarlet lip and pearly brow might have a value, it was not in the soul of such a man.

"Oh!" she exclaimed with a burst of passion, "you don't know how hard life is to me, Warren! It's like slow starvation."

"Hard! What do you have to do, I should like to know? To sit dressed in your silks from morning till night, read novels and sing a little. And I'm sure there's no occasion for your being starved! I've never grudged you anything!"

A cold, stupid, material soul that could never be warmed by any truly noble feeling. A block of wood, for it had not the fineness of marble. And she was chained to him for life, for life! A spirit bound by a fatal word spoken in ignorance, with which its nature could never have the slightest correspondence. A wild, heaven-appealing cry rose in her heart for freedom, and the dreary years stretching out before her had in them all the elements of a fruitless struggle. From negative endurance she passed to a state of keen, sharp loathing for this, her detested bondage. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NOVEL entertainment was recently given by the ladies of a church in a Connecticut village—a real old-fashioned "New England supper." It was served in the basement of the church. The crockery was of ancient style and pattern, some of it more than one hundred years old, and the tables were loaded with New England luxuries according to the usages of the last century. At each table sat a gentleman to carve, and a lady to preside at the urn, both dressed in the fashion of 1777. There was also a New England kitchen of the olden time, with all its old-time furniture and fixings, and the old family in ancient garb. In the body of the church a New England choir, in ancient costume, sung the old psalms and tunes in the old way, which was wonderfully entertaining. There was also exhibited an old manuscript sermon preached by a Connecticut divine one hundred and two years ago. The writing was in a fair hand, without an erasure or interlineation.

AT the present time, when disasters at sea are awakening so much painful interest, a recently-invented life-saving device is worthy of attention. The invention consists in so constructing a part or the whole of the hurricane-deck that it may be readily detached from the vessel if she should sink; and, being buoyant, will serve as a raft, on which the passengers may take refuge. The hurricane-deck is constructed with double walls, between which air-vessels or cork may be placed to increase the buoyancy of the raft; and it is so secured to the vessel that it may be instantaneously detached. A suitable supply of provisions, and other things necessary, should be constantly kept in wells in the deck. This invention was patented November, 1869.

☞ A sensible young lady thus poetizes her wants:

I want a man whose only thought
  Is me, and me alone;
Who never sees me but he's brought
  A something for His Own;
Who seems to have a hundred hands
  To shelter me in storm;
Who seems to have a hundred fans
  When I am very warm;

Who worried is to hear me cough,
  But loves to hear me read;
Who always takes my rubbers off—
  Ah! *that* is what I need.
A *spark* who kindles by degrees,
  Until I see him drop,
To pop the question on his knees,
  Then fly to question "Pop."

☞ At a recent amateur concert.—Energetic Vocalist.—"Oh, no! I am—I am not mad!" Unappreciative one from a back seat.—"You are an awful fool, though, Guv'nor."

☞ There's a man who keeps a list of all the banks in the country, so as to be able to say that he keeps a bank account.

☞ A minister in Montana preached from the text: "God created man in His own image." He commenced, "An honest man is the noblest work of God;" and pausing, looked over the audience and said: "But I opine God Almighty has not had a job in this city for nigh on to fifteen years."

More About California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

CONCERNING GRASS VALLEY.

From the front piazza of the house which is my temporary home, a wild, rugged scene presents itself to my view. We are at the highest point of one of the prominent hills, and the town lies stretched down its slope, through the lower valley, and up the slopes of the opposite and surrounding hills. Fancy a quantity of frame buildings blown by a whirlwind, which has first swept out a pleasant, undulating site among the mountains for their reception, upon a gravelly soil, whose gleaming hue thrusts itself before all else upon the eye of the beholder, and you will have Grass Valley as it appears from our hill top. When one descends the hill, however, to wander through the streets, the weird effect of the glaring red disappears, and there will be found, as in our immediate vicinity, well ordered fruit and flower gardens, tasty dwellings, everything indicative of a prosperous, pleasant town.

There is vastly much that is interesting in the twenty years' history of Grass Valley. Some few facts amongst the many I have taken pleasure in gathering from early settlers I must share with my POST readers.

In September of 1849 a party of emigrants, who after wearily toiling their way across the Plains, had entered the promised land of gold through the Truckee route, paused to rest and prospect near the junction of Steep Hollow Creek with Bear River in Nevada County. Some of the famished cattle wandered off to provide for their own needs, and were found by their owners, after considerable search, luxuriating in the rich pasture land of the valley of that branch of Bear river known now as Wolf Creek. The instinct of the cattle had guided the emigrants to a choice camping ground, and here they decided to remain. Others soon joined them, cabins were erected, and the settlement called Grass Valley, from the luxuriant crop of grass that had been the first attraction. During the first "dry season" which these early settlers encountered, when every blade of grass was scorched and blighted and the earth parched and dry, they must have wondered how they ever had found the name applicable. The first rains of autumn, however, doubtless rendered all plain once more.

Bear river and its affluent streams proved extraordinarily rich in gold. By a very simple process immense wealth was extracted from them in a short time, but in the effort the waters lost their original sparkling purity and became yellow and turbid as they now are. Also the various gravel deposits in the ravines and upon the hill-sides, ancient river beds, were found to yield enormous profits. The working of these gravel deposits is termed *placer* mining, the shallow deposits or *placers* are usually called "diggings," the deeper ones "hydraulic diggings," or "tunnel diggings," according to the method employed in gaining access to them.

To work those "diggings" situated above the modern water channels, it was necessary to obtain water from higher points. Therefore reservoirs were formed by damming up mountain lakes and streams, and not Grass Valley alone, but all the other mountain mining towns supplied with water through a system of ditches and *flumes*, the latter being elevated wooden aqueducts, supported by posts sometimes when crossing ravines, as much as 100 feet in height.

Much less attention is now paid to *placer* mining directly in this vicinity than formerly. Many of the claims have become exhausted, and attention diverted from many others for diverse reasons. But there is always some work of this kind going on here. Only the other day I visited "diggings" about a quarter of a mile from my present home, known as the "Grass Valley Slide," where miners are at work with the hydraulic hose. The owner of these claims had the honor a few nights since of having his sluice boxes "cleaned up" for him by burglars, who relieved him of several weeks' accumulation of gold. Also I saw recently a nugget of pure gold, taken from claims at the mouth of Wolf Creek, worth $429. In the palmy days of *placer* mining here, I am told, nuggets worth $600 and upwards were no rarity.

It is quartz-mining, however, that has distinguished Grass Valley above all the other towns on the Pacific coast. It was in the summer of 1850 that a German workman, while carrying a bucket of water upon Gold Hill, disturbed with his foot a piece of quartz in which he observed gold. Delighted with his discovery, he hastened to sell the specimen, and considered himself well paid for it with the sum of $5. Upon investigation it was found to contain gold amounting to $100. This gave the first impetus to quartz mining here, yet owing to the disappointment of the miners who immediately flocked to the spot at finding comparatively little gold in the pieces of quartz that lay exposed, the excitement shortly died away. The ensuing autumn it was revived, through a rich ledge being struck by a party of men while they were procuring rock for the chimney of a cabin. During the following winter and spring over $90,000 worth of gold was actually taken out of this ledge in a hand mortar by one man. In the year 1851 the first quartz mill was erected in Grass Valley, a very different affair from those with the powerful twenty-four stamp batteries now in operation.

The strange histories of fortunes made and lost through mining operations would fill volumes. Probably one of the saddest cases recorded in the list of failures, is that of Michael Brennan, a Dublin gentleman of education and refinement, who, when first he came to America, was extensively connected with the press of New York city. When the gold fever was at its height he came to California as superintendent of the Mount Hope Company, whose claims were upon Massachusetts Hill, in this township. Quartz mining was at first imperfectly understood—and former efforts to work this mine had been very uncertain. Brennan's first endeavors, however, were so successful that he was encouraged to commence operations upon a more extensive scale than before. But after sinking a shaft to the depth of two hundred and sixty feet, at the cost of over $80,000, without striking the rich vein he was seeking, he began to lose heart. Just at this time, too, his enterprises upon other hills proved unsuccessful, thus involving him so deeply in debt that he saw only ruin and disgrace before him. Being of a sensitive temperament, he shrank from carrying his shame through the world, or of leaving his beloved family to buffet with disgrace and poverty. Wrought up doubtless to the pitch of insanity, he procured Prussic acid, and with it destroyed himself, his wife, and three children.

Some of the neighbors going into their home, found the body of the murdered wife upon the sofa in the parlor, the unfortunate man stretched upon the floor at her side, whilst in an adjoining room lay the three little ones. Upon the table, Brennan had left a letter explaining the motives that had impelled him, and expressing the deepest regret that he was unable to take with him upon the unknown journey he was undertaking with his little family, the mother and sister, in the old country, who depended upon him for support. This was in the February of 1858.

After this terrible tragedy, the mine passed through several hands—was worked sometimes advantageously, sometimes the reverse, became finally involved in law-suits, and owing to tardy litigation was comparatively idle for a time. In April, 1864, attention was called to proceeding further with the Brennan shaft, and within six inches from the point where poor Brennan hopelessly abandoned the work, the rich ledge was struck—which since has yielded enormous profits. This seems to me the saddest part of the story, that others should reap the reward he was so near gaining.

AUBER FORESTIER.

A Parisian Story.

One of the Paris journals announces the death, at Versailles, of a Russian lady who appeared in the drawing-rooms of Paris in 1848 and 1849, and was nicknamed the "Dame of the Key." She died, aged forty-five, in the most complete solitude. It is said that her husband, who was much older than she, came to see her for a week or two every six months, and went away again no one knew whither. All was mysterious about this Lady of the Key. Last month the husband did not return as usual, but a letter came announcing his death. The widow survived him a few days only, and it is supposed she allowed herself to die of hunger. Whether true or not, this was the story that was whispered about her when she appeared in Paris, young and beautiful, more than twenty years ago. It is said that her husband surprised her in a little country house which he possessed near Moscow at the moment she was hastily shutting somebody up in a wardrobe. A servant had betrayed her. The Muscovite Othello turned the key twice in the wardrobe, took it out, then told his wife to follow him. A travelling britzska stood a few paces from the villa. More dead than alive, the unhappy woman obeyed. When the husband had placed her in the carriage, and given an order in a low voice to the coachman, "Keep this key," he said to his wife, "I have forgotten something and will return," and then went back to the house. He returned according to his promise, but as the carriage descended the hill the poor woman saw the flames issuing from the windows of the country house and taking full possession of it. She fainted away, and on regaining her senses perceived that a gold chain was riveted round her neck, to which the little key of the wardrobe was attached. She wished to kill herself, but her husband threatened her that if she committed suicide he would reveal her misconduct and cover her and her family with dishonor. She was therefore condemned to live, and her strange necklace excited much curiosity in Paris. At last her tyrant allowed her to retire into a quiet retreat on the express stipulation that she would not attempt to destroy herself during his lifetime. His death released her from this condition; but she had languished for more than twenty years, having the witness of her guilt always before her eyes. It is a curious story; we wonder whether it is true?

☞ There are at least three hundred and fifty American families in the single city of Dresden this season. It is a desirable home for quiet people who have sons and daughters to educate. The whole method of living there is simpler and less expensive than in any place in America where similar educational advantages could be obtained.

☞ The Paris glove market is undergoing quite a transformation, consequent upon the introduction into a large number of shops of the Turin gloves, thirty to forty-five cents the pair, certainly most wonderfully cheap, and, though not competing in quality with the standard Paris makes, their price renders them quite attractive to economical minds.

☞ OYSTERS.—A peculiarity of oysters is unknown to many. Thunder sours milk and kills oysters. You may load a vessel to its utmost capacity, start for market, and one good round clap of thunder will kill every oyster in the vessel immediately. Pounding with an axe upon the deck of a vessel when oysters are thereon, or pounding upon the sides of a vessel with a heavy weight, will kill every oyster that feels the jar. But thunder fetches them the first pop.

☞ The writer of the article, "The Shrieking Sisterhood," in the London Saturday Review, has, in the following sentence, stumbled into rhyme:—"Of one thing women may be very sure, though they invariably deny it; the world is glad to take good work from whomsoever will supply it"—an apothegm that is worthy of "Poor Richard."

☞ The American Anti-Slavery Society held its last meeting in New York on Saturday, Wendell Phillips presiding, and after speeches by Lucretia Mott, Frederick Douglass and others, agreed to disband, with only one negative vote. Good—"let us have peace."

☞ There was more than one lesson in the remark of an old merchant, who, after watching the mellowing effect of years on his fine paintings, said: "Talk of the Great Masters; Time is the Great Master."

☞ A jilted swain spitefully says: "Eve did not know as much as her daughters of the present day. Had they been in her place, instead of being deceived, they would have deceived the devil."

☞ Going to a party.—"Do be quick, old fellow, or we shan't get there to-night!" "Half a minute, please; I can't make up my mind which side I'll part my hair."

☞ We hope our contemporaries who are so roundly abusing the Legislature, will not next October urge the people to re-elect the members thereof because they happen to be "regular nominees."

☞ A Chinese cigar-maker at San Francisco has gone to the insane asylum through trying to keep the run of internal revenue decisions regarding cigar stamps.

☞ In Iowa the temperance societies are having a serious time of it, discussing whether cider is or is not intoxicating.

☞ A few days ago a little girl in Ithaca, just before she died, exclaimed: "Papa, take hold of my hand and help me across." Her father died two months ago.

☞ "Month" is the sole unrhymable monosyllable in the English language.

Literary Celebrities.

The following literary macaroni is both interesting and useful:—

"Comtesse Dash" is the Vicomtesse de Saint Mars. "Sut Lovergood," just deceased, was Captain George W. Harris. "Florence Marryatt" is Mrs. Ross Church. "Louisa Muhlbach" is Mme. Clara Mundt. "Oliver Optic" is Wm. T. Adams. "Ouida" is said by the Philadelphia Press to be Miss de la Rama, of London. *Ouida* is old French for "yes indeed." "Fanny Feydeau" is M. Ernest Feydeau, author of a famous novel called "Fanny." "Petroleum V. Nasby" is David R. Locke. "Arthur Sketchley" is Mr. George Rose. "Doesticks" is Mortimer Thompson, Fanny Fern's son-in-law. "Orpheus C. Kerr" is Robt. H. Newell. "Cham" is a nobleman named de Noe. "Gavarni" is Sulpice Paul Chevalier. "Mark Twain" is Sam. L. Clemens. "Artemus Ward" was C. F. Browne, now deceased. "Carl Benson" is Charles A. Bristol. "Marion Harland" is Mrs. Virginia Trehune. "Irenæus" is Dr. S. I. Prime. "Joseph Pipes" is Stephen C. Massett. "Howard Glyndon" is Laura C. Redden. "J. F. M.," of the Cincinnati Commercial, is Col. Meline. "Porte Crayon" is Gen. Strother. "Fanny Fern" is Sara, Mrs. James Parton. "Jennie June" is Mrs. Jennie Croley. "The Country Parson" is Dr. A. K. H. Boyd. "The Lounger" of Harper's is George William Curtis. "Mr. Sparrowgrass" was F. S. Cozzens, now deceased. "Ik. Marvel" is Donald G. Mitchell. "Perley" and Raconteur" is Major Ben. Perley Poore. "Josh Billings" is A. W. Shaw. "Timothy Titcomb" is Dr. J. G. Holland. "Gail Hamilton" is Mary A. Dodge. "McArone" was Geo. Arnold, now deceased. "Mrs. Partington" is B. P. Shillaber. "Ned Buntline" is E. Z. C. Judson. "Edmund Kirk" is J. R. Gilmore. "John Phœnix" was the late Capt. Derby. "Harry Franco" is Chas. F. Briggs. "Misses Wetherill" are Susan and Annie Warner. "Ariel," of the Leader, is S. R. Fisk. "The Governor," of the Atlas, is Henry Morford. "Esek. Richard" is John Savage. "Mercutio" is William Winter, now dramatic critic of the Tribune. "Asa Trenchard" is H. Waterson. "Paul Creyton" is C. T. Trowbridge. "The Bee Hunter" is Col. T. Thorp. "Dick Tinto" is O. S. Goodrich, Jr. "Hans Yorkel" is Oakley Hall. "Iron" is R. Kingman. "John Happy" is J. P. Roberts. Miss Annie Manning is author of "Mary Powell," and other kindred books. Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge is author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." Charlotte Elliot, one of fourteen children of Charles Elliot, of Grove House, Clapham, wrote the well-known hymns beginning "Just as I am, without one plea," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Mr. Toplady wrote the hymn "Rock of Ages." Richard Grant White was the author of "The New Gospel of Peace." The "Sicilian Boy" of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" is M. Murat. Schele de Vere, the magazinist, is a Professor in the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville. Justin McCarthy, the magazine contributor, was editor of the London liberal paper, the Morning Star. The editor of the Overland Monthly is F. Brot Harte. The vignette on the cover, so justly admired, was designed by Nahl, of San Francisco. Geo. M. Towle, the magazine writer, is U. S. commercial agent at Bradford, England, and has been our Consul at Nantes. Dalton Cook is the dramatic critic of the London Pall Mall Gazette. Mr. Philip Harwood, who has succeeded the late Douglas Cook as editor of the Saturday Review, was associated in early life with the late Mr. W. J. Fox and other Unitarians. The Saturday Review's historical critic is Edward Freeman; the art-critic, Philip Gilbert Hamerton. The Quarterly Review is the organ of the Tories; the Edinburgh of the Whigs; the Westminster of the Liberals, and the North British of the Progressists. Blackwood is about what it was in 1817, when first published, a champion of "Church and State," and a high authority upon literary matters.

☞ TWO SUNDAYS TOGETHER.—Westerly, R. I., has "two Sundays come together." Nearly half the population are Seventh Day Baptists, and on Saturdays half of the mills, shops and other places of business are closed, and half of the churches are filled with worshippers, who on Sunday resume their secular occupations, while their neighbors take religion and rest.

☞ At Agra the Duke of Edinburgh is said to have inquired whether the city had a lunatic asylum. On being informed that such an institution would be of no utility in the place, he devoutly thanked heaven, observing that wherever there was one they invariably took him there, and he always found the word "Welcome" in large letters over the entrances.

☞ Recently a man engaged in cleaning the windows of a house accidentally dropped a large sponge, which he had been using. Two ladies passed soon after, one of whom noticed the sponge. Without stopping to see what it was, she instinctively clasped her hands to the back of her head to see if her "chignon," "waterfall," or whatever it is called, was safe. Finding this was all right she went on her way satisfied.

☞ One of the most eminent English poets of the day, William Morris, author of "Jason," and "The Earthly Paradise," keeps a sort of decorative upholstery shop in London. He received a university education, and took high honors.

☞ The new Methodist Publishing Buildings will be completed in May next. They will cost $300,000.

☞ St. Patrick would have been 1,498 years old if he had lived.

☞ There are 8,000,000 horses owned in the United States, and their estimated value amounts to something more than the national debt.

☞ The Spanish authorities are greatly elated with the news from Cuba. The latest official bulletin from De Rodas announces the insurrection morally, though not actually ended.

☞ An Irishman who did not know the post-office of a friend, proposed to write to him and find out.

☞ A young lady went into a stationery store in this city a few days since and inquired for "love-colored note-paper." She's got an affection of the heart, no doubt.

☞ The prices of jewelry are about twenty-five per cent. less than they were a year ago.

☞ Chicago claims in her population seven thousand confirmed opium eaters.

☞ There are twelve thousand varieties of roses.

☞ That was a noble compliment paid by a husband, when asked what a woman should be, when he replied: "She should be like my wife."

☞ An English coast steamer lately burned one hundred pigs in order to get into port, having exhausted her coal.

☞ And now the great ladies of Europe are going to have an International Exhibition of Fans. At the head of this agitation, singularly enough, is the Empress of Russia, who has less use for a fan, for alleviating a heated temperature, than any other great personage whatsoever, and it is proposed to hold the exhibition, not at Madrid, but in London. The Baroness Rothschild is the next lady-patroness of the fan movement, and the co-operation is desired of all ladies who use the fan, from Indus to the Pole.

☞ The feat of Mr. George Ahrensberg, of the New York Times, in setting 2,004 ems of solid minion type in an hour, seems to have created much sensation among printers throughout the country. It is the best well-authenticated time in type-setting ever known in this country. He was watched by more than sixty men, with two clocks and twenty watches, and there is no doubt at all about it. The proof was good.—*Advertiser's Gazette.*

☞ Professor Oakley, in a recent lecture at Edinburgh, maintained that the mediæval and early Christians borrowed their church music from pagan hymns—the church tunes now denominated "Gregorian chants" having the same origin. So it would appear that what is usually considered the most "churchlike" music in existence, is really the same that was used in the pagan ceremonies of the Greeks and Romans.

☞ THE DESIRE OF HER HEART.—A few evenings since, a widow, who was known by the entire congregation to be greatly in want of a husband, was praying with great fervency. "Oh, Thou knowest what is the desire of my heart," she exclaimed. "A-m-a-n," responded a brother, in very broad accent. It was wicked, but we fare very sure several grave members smiled on the occasion.

☞ AN INGENIOUS ENIGMA.—A simple but ingenious enigma for the young people is the following:—

"In my first my second sat;
My third and fourth I ate."

The answer to which is, like Columbus's egg problem, very easy when one has learned what it is.—*Insatiate.*

☞ Cavendish, the philosopher, invariably had a leg of mutton for his solitary dinner. On one occasion he announced to his servant that six gentlemen were to dine with him on that day. "What am I to give them for dinner?" ejaculated the factotum, in dismay; one leg of mutton won't do for six gentlemen." "Then give them six legs of mutton!" was the philosophical reply.

☞ It is said that there is a man down East who has lived so long on corn-bread, that his hair has turned to silk like that which grows on the grain, and his toes are so full of corns that he expects to see them covered with shucks next year.

☞ Congress is only asked to give away one hundred millions of acres of public lands, (enough for twenty states,) by bills now before it.

☞ A Washington correspondent writes that the largest lobby now there, is that bent on "procuring land grants for beggarly railroads."

☞ Superfluous legislation is the result of the insane idea that everything must be done by law.

☞ The fair on the London horse railway is one penny a mile. The cars are made to convey twenty-eight passengers on the outside, and twenty-two inside, and are very elegant.

☞ The Byron scandal has given rise to innumerable articles in the German journals. Mrs. Stowe is bitterly denounced by the German critics, as guilty of "the greatest literary crime of the century."

☞ A young lady, member of a class in rhetoric in a Western High School, being asked "What is poetry?" promptly replied, "*Meteoric* composition!"

☞ If you want a policeman it's ten to one you won't find him; but if you *don't* want him, it is a hundred to one *he will* find *you!*

☞ Washington wits declare that the Father of his Country, in Greenough's statue, is saying, "Here is my sword—and my clothes are up at the Patent Office."

☞ TO THE CHOLERIC.—Don't beat your carpets. Try kindness and firmness; and if that doesn't keep them down, send for a policeman, and have them taken up.

☞ That was not a bad hit of a gentleman going out of town in the cars, who said to his friend, a comparatively young man, just retired from business: "Ah! when people tire of business in town, they go to *retire* in the country."

☞ Often in cold weather the cream is so sweet that it will not make butter, but froths and foams like a cascade. This can be remedied by adding one tablespoonful of pulverized alum to every four or five quarts of cream. The foam dissolves away, and in a few minutes the butter has "come."

☞ The canary bird has been an object of traffic for five centuries. Five hundred years ago there was but one kind of canary bird, but the original stock has been so mixed and adulterated that the varieties now number at least fifty.

☞ Mr. Carlyle, accused by some noodles of being a Pantheist, replies curtly to an inquiry if the charge be true, "No, never was; nor a Pot-theist either."

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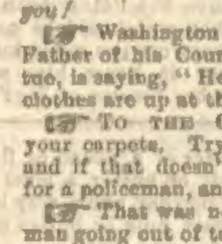
☞ Payment is required in advance.



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See Medical Properties contained in Dispensatory of the United States, of which the following is a correct copy:

BUCHU.—Its odor is strong, diffusive, and somewhat aromatic; its taste is bitterish, and analogous to that of mint. It is given chiefly in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, morbid irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, diseases of the Prostrate Gland, and Retention or the Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in the evacuation. It has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections, and Dropsy.

TESTIMONY.

CURE OF GRAVEL OF FIVE YEARS STANDING—STONE PASSED AND TO BE SEEN.

SAVANNAH, Tenn., May 14, 1869.

Dr. H. T. Helmbold:

DEAR SIR—We introduced your "Fluid Extract Buchu" in this country about eight months ago, and are happy to state that it is meeting with universal favor. We wish to inform you of one instance (among many) where your "Buchu" has worked wonders. A man in our county named J. B. Estell, had been suffering about five years with gravel. About six weeks ago he bought of us one bottle of your "Buchu" and before he was through with one bottle he passed a gravel that weighs eight grains, which we now have on exhibition in our drug store. He says that he will never be without the "Buchu" in his house again. Your Preparations are gaining favor every day. Very respectfully, yours, &c.,
ECCLES & HINKEL, Druggists.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 25, 1867.

H. T. Helmbold, Druggist:

DEAR SIR:—I have been a sufferer for upward of twenty years, with gravel, bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubebs and juniper berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination, and, with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced its use about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room. From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks, was able to walk out. I feel much like writing you a full statement of my case at that time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing then it would be of greater value to you, and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected, after using the remedy for five months.

I have not used any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a most tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it, whenever occasion may require its use, in such affections.

M. McCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:
Hon. WM. BIGLER, ex-Governor, Pennsylvania.
Hon. THOS. B. FLORENCE, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. KNOX, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. BLACK, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. PORTER, ex-Governor, Pennsylvania.
Hon. ELLIS LEWIS, Philadelphia.
Hon. R. C. GRIER, Philadelphia.
Hon. G. W. WOODWARD, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. A. PORTER, Philadelphia.
Hon. JOHN BIGLER, ex-Governor, California.
Hon. E. BANKS, Washington, D. C.
And many others, if necessary.

CURE OF BLADDER AND KIDNEY AFFECTION OF LONG STANDING—STONE PASSED AND TO BE SEEN.

WESTPORT CONN., Sept. 5, 1868.

H. T. Helmbold, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—I commenced taking your "Extract o Buchu" about two weeks since for an affection of the Gravel, Bladder and Kidneys. I have suffered of specie, very much for a few days past. But yesterday relief came through the effect of your "Buchu." A stone passed from my bladder about the size of a large pea, and I now feel perfectly well and entirely free from the pain that I have suffered with "so hard." I attribute my cure to your medicine entirely, and would recommend all persons similarly affected to try it. I have great faith in its curative powers.
Yours, truly, THOMAS J. BENNETT.

REFERS TO
Rev. WILLIAM COGSWELL, Westport, Conn.
J. L. G. CANNON, Druggist, Westport, Conn.
H. B. WHEELER, Esq., Westport, Conn.
BRADLEY HULL, Esq., Westport, Conn.
Dr. WAKEMAN, Reading, Conn.
R. W. ROBINSON, Wholesale Druggist, New York City. And many others, if necessary.

CURE OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER AFFECTION OF A PATIENT SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

THANKS TO MR. HELMBOLD.

GIRARD, Pa., March 31, 1869.

ESTEEM COSMOPOLITE:—I desire as an unsolicited tribute to the merits of "Helmbold's Buchu," and for the benefit of those similarly affected as myself, to say, that after consulting many eminent physicians, and trying nearly all the best advertised remedies, in the vain hope of finding relief from aggravated kidney and bladder diseases, from which I have suffered excessively for many years, good fortune finally suggested to me Helmbold's Buchu, which I commenced using with little faith, and no apparent beneficial results for about a month. At the expiration of that time, however, I thought I commenced to experience slight relief, which encouraged me to persevere in its use, and now at the expiration of four months, although I am an infirm old man, nearly 78 years of age, and consequently medicines cannot be expected to favorably affect me as they otherwise would, I have found such unspeakable relief and permanent benefit from Mr. Helmbold's valuable discovery, that I feel that I ought to publicly record the fact, as an acknowledgment to him and a valuable suggestion to the public. Yours, respectfully,
D. M. LAREN.

Mr. Laren refers to the following gentlemen:
Col. DAN. RICE, Girard, Pa.
CHAS. STOW, Esq., Girard, Pa., Editor Cosmopolite.
GEORGE H. CUTLER, Girard, Pa., Attorney.
C. I. HINDS, Girard, Pa., Attorney.
Capt. D. W. HUTCHINSON, Girard, Pa., Attorney.
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APRIL, 1870.

OPENING.

OF THE

SPRING TRADE

IN

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

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Open to the people the

GRANDEST STOCK

OF

Fine Clothing for Men and Boys

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Since last Fall we have secured the two large lots adjoining us, and have erected upon them an iron-front building, equal in size to our former building, making

Oak Hall Twice as Large as Before,

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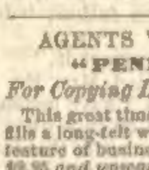

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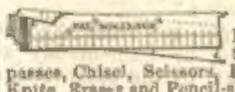

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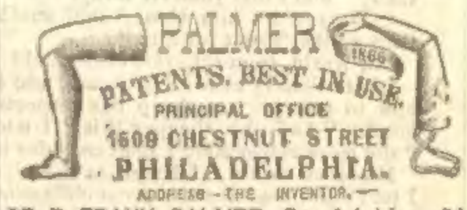

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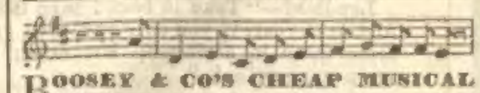

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Letter from Mose Skinner.

NEW YORK, April, 1870.

Mr. Editor:—I arrived here a few days ago, and immediately took rooms at the Astor House. To be sure, I had no money to pay for them, but why think of pay if we are only good? I have always made it a rule to have the best of everything, even if I am obliged to get trusted for it. This sterling maxim was instilled into my mind by a kind father, and who shall say that that gray-haired old man is not to-day proud of his orphan boy?

But the times are so hard, just now, that I find it very hard work to make both ends meet, and lay up money besides.

I hadn't been at the Astor but one day when the clerk brought me my bill.

"Is it customary," said I, "to pay by the day?"

"It is with men of your stamp," he replied.

"What kind of a stamp do you take me for?" said I.

"You look like a two-cent stamp," he replied, "mighty thin, but if anybody should wet you once, you'd stick like thunder; but we don't propose to try it. You either pay this bill, or get out. Have you got any money?" said he.

"My estimable young friend," I replied, "you have probably heard of Dr. Ben Franklin, long since deceased. That eminent physician was at one time in the proverb business, and did a very good thing. He said, among other things, that time is money. Now, I haven't got any money, but, as regards time, I am in affluent circumstances, and if you will receipt that bill, I will give you a check for as much time as you think equivalent, and throw you in a couple of hours for your trouble."

He made no reply, but from the fact of the porter's coming up immediately after removing my trunk to the side-walk, and hustling me out after it, I inferred that I wasn't considered a financial success.

"Say, mister," said a small boy with a very long coat, and a cap with considerable visor, "don't tear yourself away."

"Oh, you let him alone," said another; "his mother's sent for him."

Oh, World, thou art ever, ever cruel!

I immediately called a hackman, and told him to take me to a cheap but respectable hotel. "And the cheaper it is," I added, "the more respectable I shall consider it."

He drove me to the Excelsior House, and I told him I was under a great obligation to him, and if at any time I could do him a favor, I should feel grieved if he didn't speak to me about it, for my proud spirit spurns an obligation.

"If you don't fork over that fifty cents," said he, "there'll be a funeral in your family, and it won't be your wife, nor none o' your children."

"But I'm busted," said I. "If meeting-houses were selling two for a cent, I couldn't buy the handle of a contribution box."

He swore at me awfully, and said he would have it out of my trunk, so he burst it open.

But the contents of that trunk are far from valuable, for I carry it filled with sawdust. It looks just as respectable, and in an emergency of this kind is invaluable.

I will not say that this hackman looked daggers at me. He looked a whole arsenal, with a back room full of extra bayonets; and as he mounted his box and drove away, the air was fairly blue with oaths. He got off string after string without making a single mistake, and he must have had the devil's dictionary at his tongue's end.

It fairly curdled my blood to hear him swear such awful swears. I never had my blood curdled before, so I put some in a bottle to look at.

I afterward heard that this hackman was always very wicked, and wouldn't go to the Sunday-school when he was a little boy; but when his mother put on his cap with a little tassel to it, and gave him a cent to put in the contribution box, he would go off with other bad boys, and kill toads. Is it any wonder that he is a great horrid thing, and uses oaths when he swears?—*True Flag.*

Getting Insured.

A thin, cadeverous-looking German about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health insurance company in Philadelphia the other day, and inquired: "Ish de man in what inshures de people's helts?" The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir." "Vell, I vants my helts insured; vot you charge?" "Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year, and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness." "Vell," said Mynheer, "I vants ten dollars vort." The agent inquired his state of health. "Vell, I ish sick all de time. I'se shusht out de bed too, trea hours a day, and te doctor says he can't do nothing more goot for me." "If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health." At this Mynheer bristled up in great anger. "You must think I'se a pig fool! Vot! you think I come pay you ten dollars for inshure my helt ven I was vell."

THE FITNESS OF THINGS.—A very good joke is told of a gentleman in Cambridge, Md., who is a very worthy citizen, who had a farm a short distance out in the country, which he leased to a tenant, the landlord to get two-fifths of the crops. When the crop was saved, the tenant saddled his horse and took the landlord's share to him tied up in a handkerchief; who, upon seeing the bundle, asked what was there? "Your share of the wheat," says the tenant.

Landlord—"My what?"

"Tenant—"Your share of the wheat!"

Landlord—"Take it back! take it back! And next year, if you only have five grains, bring them in a wagon; but never come again on horseback."

A HOPEFUL STUDENT.—The other day a wealthy French countryman, whose son was studying law in Paris, paid a visit to his hopeful scion, at the capital. After dinner, father and son took a stroll through the streets, looking at the various fine buildings. Finally they stood still in front of a very remarkable and characteristic building.

"What building is this, my son?" inquired the father.

"I don't know, papa?" replied the son, "but I will ask the Sergent de Ville, who is standing behind us?"

The Sergeant de Ville informed them that it was the law school, where the young man was believed to have attended lectures for a year past.

LOOKING AHEAD.

THIRSTY CUSTOMER.—Must just have 'nother little glass, Missh—goin' to have s-h-alt fish for dinner.

LOVE'S SUNRISE.

The lark leaves the earth
With the dew on his breast,
And my love's at the birth,
And my life's at the best.
What bliss shall I bid the beam bring thee
To-day, love?
What care shall I bid the breeze fling thee
Away, love?
What song shall I bid the bird sing thee,
Oh, say, love?
For the beam and the breeze
And the birds—all of these
(Because thou hast loved me) my bidding
obey, love.
Now the lark's in the light,
And the dew on the bough;
And my heart's at the height
Of the day that dawns now.

The Baby That Was Sick.

Baby was much worse; it had not only sucked its thumbs, but wiggled its toes. It could not continue long. The doctor, with a grave face, entered the sick room. Biddy rubbed her mistress with camphor. Mr. Phillips stood by wiping his eyes with the drapery of his scant attire.

"Oh, doctor, doctor! will it die? Only save it, and you may take all I have!" cried Mrs. Phillips, wringing her hands. "I'll get down on my knees and thank you forever."

"Keep your sitting, marm, keep your sitting," said the doctor, taking a large pinch of snuff.

"Don't keep me in suspense! only look at its precious little arm! What is it? For the love of heaven tell me—let me know the worst."

"Well, marm, if I speak out, you promise not to blame me?" asked the doctor, gravely.

"No, no!"

"Marm," said he, with his long face still more elongated, "it's my opinion, as a man and a physician, that the child has been bitten by four bedbugs, or else it has been bitten in four places by one insect of that description."

"Dr. Gray," cried the father, "do you mean to insult us?"

"By no means, sir—I repeat it."

"No, you don't!" yelled Mrs. P. "It's enough to insinuate that I have bedbugs, to say nothing of your libel on that little angel cherub. Get out of this house this instant, you mean, cheating, insulting old vagabond."

The Hindoo Sacrifice.

The following anecdote was related by the captain of a British regiment:—

"When in India with my regiment, we were at one time quartered at a place where there was a missionary-station. Some of the officers (as was frequently the case) having much leisure, and being so disposed, gave lay assistance to the clergyman in his endeavors to instruct the native population. Upon one occasion I attended a special service which had been appointed to precede the celebration of the Lord's supper, of which three advanced proselytes desired to partake. Upon this occasion the missionary preached a short sermon upon faith, the foundation of Christianity, taking his text from Roman iv. 3—'Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness.' He treated the subject in a plain way, suitable to the capacity of his hearers, and expounded the narrative of Genesis xxii. A native Hindoo had been observed at the service, who, although he had not previously attended the instruction of the missionary, was extremely attentive to the sermon. On the evening of the same day I and a brother-officer rode some six or seven miles toward a native village, whence most of the converts came. Nearing it, our attention was attracted to a crowd of natives, in the midst of which a large pile of wood was blazing; and the monotonous tum-tum of the Indian drum and a low, crooning wail were audible. But few words are necessary to describe the difficulty of teaching Christianity to a race of ignorant people whose minds are so governed by external impressions, and who are so matter-of-fact in practice; and still fewer words to describe the horror we felt when we found that the strange and attentive native had returned home and literally carried out the command given to Abraham! He had slaughtered his son, and was now offering him to the 'big God' as a sacrifice!"

ELECTRIC.—Several young ladies were amusing themselves a short time ago with an electric battery. Miss Emma proposed taking one of the poles and her friend Annie the other, and, instead of joining hands, kiss each other. A scream from Annie caused the lady who was turning the machine to stop suddenly, when Emma exclaimed that it burned her lips terribly. Annie remarked that it "felt just like a moustache."

Five Specimens of Ancient British or Welch Literature.

There are specimens of the intellect and philosophy of the Britons (Triads so called,) which are among the oldest things preserved in Welsh literature, and which date probably from the very time of the Druids. Take the subject of genius, and compare for instance, with Wordsworth's view of the poet's genius in the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads:—

The three foundations of genius:—the gift of God, man's exertion, and the events of life.

The three primary requisites:—an eye that can see nature, a heart that can feel nature, and boldness that dares follow nature.

The three supports:—strong, mental endowment, memory, learning. And again—prosperity, social acquaintance, and praise.

I may deceive myself, but it seems to me that here is an absolutely perfect analysis of the subtlest thing in the world, not only in its diviner spiritual aspect, but also in its worldly aspects, so that to-day, as so many centuries ago, it remains absolutely true, and you can neither add to it, nor take away.

Consider again these themes from the Triads, godliness and social duty, so finely melting into each other:

The three charcteristics of godliness:—to do justice, to love mercy, and to behave humbly.

There are three actions which are divine: to succor the poor and feeble, to benefit an enemy, and courageously to suffer in the cause of right.

One more Triad, and I have done. It is a glimpse of the ancient Briton's speculative philosophy.

The three priorities of being—which are the three necessities of Deity:—Power, Knowledge, and Love. And from these three are strength and existence.—*Hirell, by John Saunders.*

Funeral Rites in Greenland.

There are some very curious funeral rites in Greenland, where, on its becoming evident to the friends and relations of an Esquimaux that, either from sickness or old age, he is in a very bad way, a solemn conclave is assembled and a long consultation held, in which it is debated, pro and con, whether the sick man can recover; should it be decided against him, the fiat is announced by a deputation as a fact in which the sick man is bound to acquiesce. No extravagant demonstration of grief accompanies this avowal, for it seems to be regarded by all parties as an inevitable law of nature that the man must die, and they therefore accept it philosophically. Soon after the decision is made known to the patient he is borne to the door of his snow-hut by his friends, a bow and arrow placed in his hands, and with such strength as is left to him he shoots; and as the arrow leaves the bow-string so severs his connection with the things of this life—for on the spot on which the arrow falls the grave of the living man (officially regarded as dead) is at once made; and, sewn up in his "kayak," with his weapons beside him, he is deposited therein without further loss of time. The last scene in the life of an Esquimaux would make a fine picture; the cluster of snow-huts standing like pigmies amidst the huge masses of blue-black ice; around, the clear piercing air, illuminated only by the wavering flashes of the aurora borealis; in the fore-ground the group of fur-clad figures clustering round, supporting the fainting form of one whom they are instructing in his last voluntary act, which severs his ties to this earth forever.

AGRICULTURAL.

Turnips Among Corn.

It is frequently the case that in passing through corn fields in autumn, we find the space between the rows occupied with sturdy weeds; sometimes the spurious vegetation completely overtops maize, and "casts it into the shade." Now, I would inquire, is it not much better and more prudent, in every sense of the word, for the farmer to occupy the soil monopolized by the exhausting weeds with some crop that will contribute to his resources, than to have it filled with such productions, and which will not only "sap the land" most wretchedly, but foul it by the dissemination of their minute and multitudinous seeds? Certainly no farmer can doubt the affirmative. By sowing the Purple Top turnip seed at the last dressing of the corn crop, and "scuffling" it in, or sowing just before a rain and allowing that to cover it, he can have a hundred bushels of good turnips per acre, if the soil be rich and well cultivated, instead of a host of worthless and pestilent weeds.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Dairying in California.

A California correspondent of the Utica Herald, gives some interesting facts and statistics about dairying in California. He states that there are 1,500 dairies in California, having 50 to 150 cows each. The cows are generally a cross of imported with Mexican stock. They pick their own feed from the 1st day of January to the 31st day of December. Good grazing lands are cheap and abundant. The Coast Range Mountains extend from Mendocino to San Diego, upwards of 600 miles. Bathed by the frequent fogs of the ocean, there is plenty of moisture when all elsewhere is dry. This range of mountains possesses valleys of great extent and fertility. It is full of springs, while bunch grapes and wild oats are found in exhaustless quantities. This is, therefore, of course, a fine section for the dairy business, as the land is also very cheap.

In 1867, California produced 6,000,000 pounds of butter and 3,000,000 pounds of cheese. This year the product is estimated at 9,000,000 pounds of butter, and 4,000,000 pounds of cheese. Owing to the dryness of the climate, cheese cures very rapidly. The rennets used by the cheese-makers are imported from Germany.

The dairy farm of Laird and Kellogg is situated in Santa Cruz county, and is stocked with 400 cows. During the past year the milk of 200 was used for butter, and that of the other 200 for cheese. The cows milked for butter turned out 20,000 pounds, which was sold at an average price of 45 cents, amounting to $9,000. The cows milked for cheese produced 90,000 pounds, which was sold at 16 cents, amounting to $14,400, making the gross returns of the 400 cows $23,400, besides the calves raised and the pork produced from the whey. The cows are worth on an average $40 each.

The correspondent adds, that "there are millions and millions of acres of unoccupied land in this state, with every possible facility for the dairy business." So, it appears quite certain that California will produce her own butter and cheese, and may become a rival of the Eastern states in the market of the world.

How Dexter is Shod.

The Turf, Field and Farm says:—"Each shoe is carefully balanced. The surface which comes in contact with the ground slightly curves from heel to toe, so that when the horse is standing firm the principal weight is borne by heel and centre, no heavy pressure being felt upon the toe. Just as a line drawn from the heel to the toe of a man's boot would demonstrate a slight curve, so is the natural curve given to each of Dexter's shoes. When a man walks, there is a rising, sloping action, from heel to toe, and when a horse is trotting there is a rolling motion from the back part of the hoof to the front. Acknowledging the principle to be correct, it stands to reason that a horse will gather more quickly and with less friction, if instead of the heel and toe being forced to the same level, the former is raised a little higher than the latter. To secure exact proportion to this curve, Mr. Bonner takes each shoe and places it on the smooth surface of a marble slab, and weighs it with a critical eye. In the toe of each shoe a slight excavation or sloping indenture is made for the purpose of giving firmness to the step of the horse. By the force of concussion the soft earth is forced up into this excavation, so that in raising from heel to toe the shoe does not slip backward. This sloping indenture must be carefully proportioned to the size and weight of the shoe, for otherwise it might create friction and prove a positive drawback instead of an assistant. This mode of shoeing certainly has worked well in Dexter's case, for the animal is still a marvel, and all of his recent performances, which have so much astonished the world, have been made in shoes constructed after the pattern described."

The Garden in April.

April brings us to the commencement of active out-door operations on the farm, and it is well if we have in the past months remembered the garden, and have done what we could by way of preparation for the planting season; and it will be well if in the press of other spring work the garden is not neglected. Labor judiciously laid out in the vegetable garden returns a greater profit than a corresponding amount expended on other portions of the farm. Not only does labor in a vegetable garden pay, but labor rightly directed in ornamenting the home of the farmer and rural resident also pays—if not directly in dollars and cents, the same as a fine crop of corn, oats or potatoes—indirectly by adding to the money value of a farm or place, by increasing its attractiveness. Not only this, it also imparts to rural life something of that attractiveness which draws so many to the more thickly settled communities, villages and cities. But how few farmers look upon gardening and home attractions in this light. Their good wives and families would appreciate the products of an early, good garden, and the handsome and neatly kept surroundings of the house. It is for the benefit of the wife and family that we have so often urged the importance of the garden, and again say if you *cultivate nothing else have a good garden.* As a class, farmers are too much meat and meal-eaters, and to whatever else may be laid our lack of taste for vegetables, it certainly is not because they are not healthful, economical and enjoyable that better and fresher vegetables are not found on our tables at all seasons of the year.—*New England Farmer.*

Profit of Grapes.

A grape grower states that after twenty years' experience in fruit growing in Niagara county, N. Y., he has found nothing to compare with the grape in profit; has cultivated acres of pears, but not with success. The past season the receipts from the pears would not reach over $75 per acre, though the trees were healthy. Grapes yielded $1,500 per acre more than apples or pears. The grape can be grown at three cents per pound and be as profitable as wheat at two dollars per bushel. His Iona vineyard bore a fair crop the third year, and brought over $1,400 per acre.

RECEIPTS.

CAKE WITH ONE EGG.—Take one small teacupful of butter, warmed, two and a half teacupful of sugar, and the yolk of the egg; beat well together, then add one-half teacupful of milk; add gradually, beating one way, three teacupsful of flour; flavor with very fine stripe of citron or candied lemon peel. Finally add three or four teaspoonsful of baking powder, the white of the egg, and bake in a buttered pan lined with white paper.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 103 letters.

My 55, 6, 76, 91, 87, 38, 66, 1, 41, 46, was a general in the American Revolution.

My 49, 80, 42, 102, 19, 28, 89, 31, was the most celebrated hero of antiquity.

My 16, 97, 85, 64, 12, 7, 75, 21, was a celebrated lawgiver of Sparta, whose laws survived him seven hundred years.

My 83, 4, 25, 65, 18, 40, 9, 20, 94, 78, is an instrument of music.

My 90, 75, 15, 77, 44, is a color.

My 5, 23, 81, 32, 98, 95, 8, 81, was a noted general and author, a native of Athens.

My 71, 83, 88, 103, 30, 74, 13, 47, 29, 57, was a famous geometrician and astronomer of Syracuse.

My 16, 11, 79, 44, 31, 84, 99, 2, 27, 53, 70, 43, 62, is a poem in a recent number of the Lady's Friend.

My 26, 51, 14, 50, 17, 39, 68, 33, is the title of a story in the Lady's Friend.

My 67, 37, 45, is a stimulating beverage.

My 29, 20, 92, 48, 54, was a goddess who presided over lyric poetry.

My 3, 63, 35, 93, is a part of the body.

My 72, 101, 86, 58, 26, 42, 15, 46, 96, is a feminine name.

My 52, 84, 24, 59, 99, 50, 61, is a beautiful evergreen shrub, a native of Florida.

My 10, 25, 39, 80, is a fruit.

My 33, 92, 87, 69, 60, is a "boon to mortals given."

My whole is the "moral" of a short poem by J. G. Saxe. DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Riddle.

Think of the name of boy,
Then of what he'd like to be,
Then of a little word
We very often see.
My whole is a river. PHILIP.

Honeytown, Ind.

Problem.

Required—the side of an octagon inscribed in a square whose side is eight inches.

FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A certain quadrilateral tract of land, which can be inscribed in a circle, is to be divided into four equal parts by two lines crossing each other, one of which runs parallel with the third side. The first side measures 103, the second 80, the third 130, and the fourth 150 rods. Required—the lengths of the two division lines, the distance of the parallel division line from the first and second corners measured on the fourth and second sides, also the distance of the other division line from the second and third corners measured on the first and third sides.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What season of the year harmonizes most with the habits of the lion? Ans.—Spring-time.

☞ Why are ladies juster than men? Ans.—Because they are the fairer sex.

☞ Why is a man who runs away without paying his rent like an army officer? Ans.—Because he's a left-tenant.

☞ Why is a specimen of handwriting like a dead pig? Ans.—Because it is done with the pen.

☞ Why is a clear, frosty night like the hot summer day? Ans.—Because it's the best time for seeing the *grate bare.*

☞ Where should postmen be buried? In a post-crypt.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"Behold! what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." EMIGMA.—"What has become of Zig?"

SCONES.—A quarter of a pound of flour, one ounce and a half of butter, a level teaspoonful of baking powder, and a very little salt mixed with sweet milk or butter milk. Baked over a slow fire on a girdle.

The following is a Scotch recipe for making "soda scones:" Take 2 lb. of flour, and rub into it 4 oz. of butter and a pinch of salt, then take a sufficient quantity of sour butter milk (in a jug) to mix the flour into a paste, not too stiff. Mix with cold water in a teacup, until dissolved, a good-sized teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. When properly mixed, toss it into the butter milk, which must be sour; stir it up quickly until it effervesces; mix the flour with the milk, in its effervescent state, roll the paste to about a quarter of an inch thick, stamp it out in small round cakes, and bake on a girdle over a nice clear fire. For "flour scones," the flour is merely mixed with water, rolled out very thin, and slightly browned on the girdle. They should be quite limp, almost like leather, and sent to table in a folded napkin to keep them hot. I add a recipe for making "girdle cake," but as there are various kinds, I am not sure it may be the one "Camellia" wishes for: Rub 6 oz. of sugar into 2 lb. of flour, add a little salt, and make the whole into a paste with a sufficient quantity of milk, roll it out, cut into round cakes, and bake on a girdle.

IRISH GRIDDLE OR SLIM CAKES.—Rub 2½ oz. of butter into half a pound of flour with a little salt, make it into a stiff paste with a little milk, roll it out half an inch thick, and cut it into squares and rounds, or any shape you like. It will take half an hour to bake; it should be baked on a griddle over a stove, or in the oven with the door open.

SCOTCH WOODCOCK.—The following is a delicious recipe for the above: 1 wineglass of cream, piece of butter size of a walnut, 1 tablespoonful of anchovy paste, yolks of 3 eggs, whites of 2, red and black pepper to taste; mix the ingredients well together, taking care that the anchovy paste is properly dissolved. Place the saucepan on a bright, clear fire, and stir it always the same way. Should it not be stirred the one way, it will curdle and spoil. When it is cooked it will become thick. Have some hot buttered toast ready, and serve at once very hot.

COCOANUT BISCUITS.—Scrape off the skin carefully, grate the nut very fine, and add half the weight of powdered sugar. Mix well together with white of egg, drop on wafer paper in small rough knobs the size of a walnut, and bake in a slack oven.